

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 450,000 Copies Sold Every Week

July 26, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3d



GUNNER-OBSERVER OF THE R.A.A.F.

Natural color photograph by JOHN HICKSON,
The Australian Women's Weekly staff photographer

Salty slang of the Services



"RAGGIES"—the Navy's word for coppers.



A PARACHUTE is a "sky hook" or "broly."



"HORSE-RUGS" are greatcoats



COMPLETE with "battle bowler" (tin hat).



BAYONET practice is "mad minute."

Wartime brings new words into our language

By NOEL INGRAM

When your soldier, home on leave, yawns and says he's going to hit the "hay-bag," it's just one of his contributions to a more picturesque speech, his way of saying he's going to bed.

The fighting forces are building a new "language" and just as in the last war some of the terms will get into the dictionary.

WITH clerks, boundary-riders, shop assistants, drovers and trolley drivers all training together, some sort of descriptive tag must be given to the things met with in the new life, and the salty slang of the fighting man is the result.

This Esperanto of the forces can be highly amusing.

Most of the slang is completely democratic. It survives by majority vote. Some expressions, amusing enough, are unlikely to survive long. Others, such as "laying eggs" for bombing, are as infectious as influenza.

So far no newer name has been evolved to supplant "Digger" of the last war. It's still used, but not nearly as commonly.

At present it's pretty even going between "Jo" and "George" for Australian soldiers.

"Jo" finds universal favor in Malaya. George seems the more popular form of address in Palestine.

All the boys of the Australian Spitfire Squadron in England are called George when they are not referred

to as "Bluespits," because of the color of their uniforms, much brighter than that of the R.A.F.

The Italians, whatever they have lost by the war, have gained a new nickname. "Ties," the boys in the Middle East christened them.

The Germans, however, retain their last-war descriptions as Jerry, Huns, and Fritz, in about the order of popularity, apart from a number of unprintable tags.

The popular Air Force term for new recruits, "drongos," is catching on in the Army, where it is often used for nitwit.

Probable origin of drongo is the fact that it is the name of a large bird found in Cape York and New Guinea which flies very heavily—flaps rather than flies, in fact.

A non-flying officer in the Air Force is known as a kiwi, for obvious reasons.

Naturally enough, a good deal of the Air Force slang runs to bird terms. A seaplane is a "duck," and emu fatigue (equally popular term in the Army) is picking up papers, etc., round the camp.

If you've ever seen a number of people picking up papers and a number of emus feeding you'll catch on.

A parachute is a "sky hook" or a "broly." Overalls are "goon-skinn" (from Popeye).

The term "Mae West" for an inflated life-jacket has achieved almost official Air Force status.

Anyone talking of Air Force matters in public may be told by his mates to "close the hangar door."

Equipment nicknames

THE soldiers have evolved a variety of names for equipment.

A rifle is your "best friend," "shooting iron," or "moose-cat," or, in the American manner, a gat.

A bayonet is a "pin" or "sticker," a light machine-gun is a "scatter-gun," a trench mortar a "pelter-gun."

A medium machine-gun is an "emma-gee," from the same signalling school of pronunciation which produced ack-ack for anti-aircraft.

Greatcoats are "horse-rugs," a palliase is a "hay-bag," a moustache is a "fungus" or "camouflage," military correspondence is "fan mail."

Unpopular is usually expressed as "on the nose," or "not the drill."

Manoeuvres are disrespectfully known as "organised mucking about," a route march is a "hike," and a bayonet training course is a "mad minute."

Steel helmets are "battle bowlers," working dress "giggle suits," "goon suits," or "soup and fish."

The rhyming slang of the Cockneys still has its adherents in all services. "Dad and Mum" for rum, Pat and Mick for pick, "dead horse" for tomato sauce.

Porridge is popularly known as "burgoo" in both Army and Air Force. Beer is "suds" or "amber."

The word "dooval" is a favorite also all round the services, used in place of "thingummy," to mean any old thing at all.

"DRONGOS"—Air Force recruits.



"BRANDING the body"—marking his kitbag.



"GIGGLE SUITS"—working dress.

Why is she A Picture of HEALTH

SHE never "catches" colds or chills—simply because she keeps so fit and well. She makes light of difficulties, smiles her problems away. Her health precaution is simple, yet most effective—just a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

YOU, too, can resist Winter ailments, FEEL fitter, LOOK brighter and, at the same time, improve your figure by taking Bile Beans regularly.



1/4 - 40 Pills
3/2 - 120 "

Of all chemists and stores.

MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT!
BUY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

BILE BEANS

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MR. T. H. MANNING

... of Christmas Island

ADMINISTRATOR of Christmas Island, largest atoll in the world, Mr. T. H. Manning is spending his first leave in three years in Australia. Arrived in Sydney recently with his wife and small daughter.

Only other inhabitants of this British outpost in the Pacific are Mr. Manning's staff of two native policemen.



MISS JOAN MONEY

... Masson scholar

FIRST holder of the Masson Memorial Scholarship, recently established by the Australian Chemical Institute in memory of the late Sir David Orme Masson, founder of the institute, is Miss Joan M. Money, of Brisbane.

Miss Money is a B.Sc. of Brisbane University, and under the terms of the scholarship intends to do post-graduate research work at the University, taking an honors course in biochemistry.



CAPTAIN D. C. T. BENNETT

... American bombers

CAPTAIN D. C. T. BENNETT, R.A.F., of Brisbane, is flying American bombers to Britain. Was in command of the historic first flight last November.

One of the first 45 men in Great Britain to gain the first-class air navigator's licence, he is also a licensed pilot, engineer, radio operator, and author of standard textbooks on aviation. Holds world long-distance record for seaplanes—6000 miles, from Scotland to South Africa.

THE FIVE FIGHTING WARNERS



Tumbarumba is proud of these grand boys of the A.I.F.

The story of the five Warner brothers, of Tumbarumba, N.S.W., all members of the same battalion, who sailed away in the same transport, and who were reported missing at the same time, is one of the most outstanding dramas of the A.I.F.

The Australian Women's Weekly felt you'd like to read about the Warners, their three sisters, their hundreds of friends, and their home town. So we sent staff reporter Marjorie Beckingsale to Tumbarumba. Here is her story. Photographs are by staff photographer Molly Luke, who accompanied her.

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

"Of course we know the Warners—they're grand boys." Even the echoing hills of picturesque Tumbarumba seem to give back that answer. The five bachelor brothers, Bill, Ernest, Alf, Jack, and Charlie Warner, all privates in the same A.I.F. battalion, and all recently reported "missing," are the pride of the 2000 people in the district.

I found that out before I had been in Tumbarumba half an hour. Everyone in the town went to their farewell party in August and the "send-off" next day in the centre of the main street . . .

From the snowy top of Mt. Kosciuszko, in the distance, an icy wind blew as we arrived in the town, but nothing more warming than our welcome could have been imagined.

In a dozen different homes I sat round blazing fires to hear the story of the Warner boys, local products of the finest order.

Widowed sister

FIRST person I met was quiet-voiced Mrs. Jean O'Loughlin, young widowed sister of the boys.

She described her brothers so clearly that I felt if any one of them should arrive suddenly I would know him instantly.

"There's Bill, the eldest and shortest," said Mrs. O'Loughlin.

Bill is really William James.

"He will be 35 next September, and he has black hair and brown eyes."

"He's the best letter writer of them all. A first-class shearer, Bill can shear his 100 sheep a day. He and 'Bunny' and Alf all enlisted together and went into camp together in Victoria in March, 1940."

"Bunny (that's Ernest Edward) comes next. He was 30 last February, and has jet black curly hair and dark eyes."

"Bunny trained racehorses for a station owner in the district, but like Bill and all the other boys he came to our old home, Glen Wattle, every week-end while mother was alive."

"She was devoted to the boys, and

did everything she could for them. They just adored her, as we all did," said Mrs. O'Loughlin.

"We have several names for Alfred Angus, who is 23. Sometimes he's called Alf, sometimes Andy, and sometimes Buck. He is a fairly good cricketer and is the tallest of the boys. He has fair hair and brown eyes."

"Alf worked on stations in the district, and is a wonderful rider."

John Albert is 24. He is known as Jack or Ninety, mainly Ninety. Mrs. O'Loughlin couldn't tell me the reason for the nickname.

Ninety has light brown hair and brown eyes.

"He is just full of life and always singing cowboy songs," said his sister.

"The boys on the ship christened him Tex, because he was always singing Tex Morton tunes. He went into camp in May."

Ninety was a station hand, and when he enlisted he gave his grey pony Tony to his young fifteen-year-old sister Joan.

Youngest of the five is Vernon Charles, known to everyone as Charlie. He was 19 last September and has brown hair and eyes.

Also a station hand, Charlie was an expert at plaiting kangaroo hide whips. He went into camp in April, 1940.

"At first Bill was angry with Ninety and Charlie for enlisting, but he managed to get them transferred to the same battalion as the other three and they all sailed together on September 17 last year."

"They all went through the Libyan and Greek campaigns," said Mrs. O'Loughlin.

Quiet pride

WITH this initial picture of the boys before me, we then went to see the other members of the family.

Sister Lola, Mrs. J. Goldspink, lives a few miles out of the town. Quietest member of the family, she also proudly joined in the talk about them. Her three-weeks-old son is called Vernon, after her youngest brother.

Terry, her three-year-old son, is a fellow of few words, but he man-

aged to tell us that "A." meaning Alf, "is away at the big war" . . .

A vivid young personality is pretty fifteen-year-old Joan Warner, the boys' youngest sister.

She cantered over the paddocks and into the town on her pony and talks to him in the way her brother Ninety did before the horse became her farewell present from him.

"Charlie gave me the bride," she said, and hurried away to find a precious box of souvenirs which the boys had sent from overseas.

Then I met sixteen-year-old Jack O'Loughlin, nephew of the Warner boys.

Loved uncles

HE was succinctly expressive in his tribute to his uncles. "Gee, they're grand blokes," he said.

"Bill is very brainy. We always used to get Bill to help us with our homework, and he was always right, too. I bet he knew more than most of those schoolteachers . . ."

"Jack and Charlie were the reckless blokes," added their admiring nephew.

"They had motor-bikes and once or twice they came beaut busters off them."

"Charlie was a terrible sleep-walker," he continued.

"I remember once out at home when he got up in the middle of the night and got dressed and started off for work. We always used to hide the key of the shed, but even in his sleep he used to find it all right."

From their sister's home we drove through the glorious country to the home where the boys had lived all their lives, till the mother died two years ago. It is a charming place, and has had a lovely garden filled with old-fashioned shrubs and flowers.

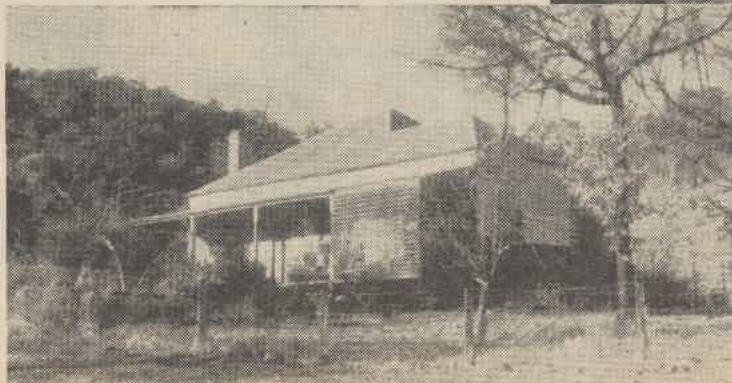
Back in the town again I met many of their friends.

There was storekeeper Mr. Le Cerf, a former digger, and one of five brothers to serve in the last war. He has known the boys all their lives.

"Grand boys they are, fine as they're made," he said.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Alf, Bill, Charlie, Ernest and Jack Warner, photographed at their "send off" in their home town. The five brothers sailed together last September.



HAPPY childhood home of the Warner family, Glen Wattle stands in a lovely valley. A hedge of rosemary planted by their mother grows at one side of the old white house.

PROUD of their five soldier brothers are Mrs. J. Goldspink (left), fifteen-year-old Joan Warner, and Mrs. Jean O'Loughlin. All live in Tumbarumba.

she said. "You just couldn't help liking them."

"They loved dancing, and always came to the dances in the town."

Her brother, Wallace, last person from the town to see them, recalled how he had driven them to Albury after their tumultuous final farewell in Tumbarumba.

"I'll never forget the boys saying good-bye as they stood by the car at 11 p.m.," he said.

Mr. Byrne, local postmaster, through whose hands passed the five telegrams announcing that the boys were missing, has followed their careers with interest.

"They are just part of Tumbarumba," he said.

And so the story went on . . . and on . . . and on . . .

Young and old in that quiet town, which seems so remote from the war, just wait and hope for better news.

All Australia can agree that they are "grand blokes" all right . . .

See pictures page 25.



A HOME FROM HOME

The comfort and carefree luxury of your own home are yours when you stay at the Victoria. Added to this comfort and luxury is the special guest service which cares for your every wish, as well as the convenience of staying in Melbourne's city centre. Bring the children with you when you come - they're always welcome, and they'll make the Victoria even more your Melbourne home from home.

"ROOM ONLY"
DAILY TARIFFS
Singles - 5/- to 10/-
Doubles - 8/- to 18/6
Suites, Family Rooms, etc.
Full Catering Services.

S. D. HORNE
Manager

THE
VICTORIA
PALACE

MELBOURNE'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL
215 LITTLE COLLINS STREET - NEXT TOWN HALL

W. 12-11

Charming family of new British Commissioner

Daughters are eager to make friends here

By A STAFF REPORTER

A tete-a-tete luncheon with the King was one of the last engagements of Sir Ronald Cross, new British High Commissioner, before he left for Australia.

Lady Cross told me about the luncheon as she walked in the lovely grounds of Government House, Sydney, on the day of her arrival. Sir Ronald and Lady Cross and their three daughters are guests there before going to Canberra.

"THE King expressed a great interest in Australia and said he had the happiest memories of his visit here," she said.

"The King is amazingly well informed on an enormous variety of subjects.

"He makes a practice of meeting all his Ministers separately at various times, and has a thorough knowledge of the specialised subjects with which each of them deals."

Australians will like Lady Cross. Slender, pretty, with reddish-brown hair, she has a charming manner and a lively interest in her new surroundings.

Dinner with Churchills

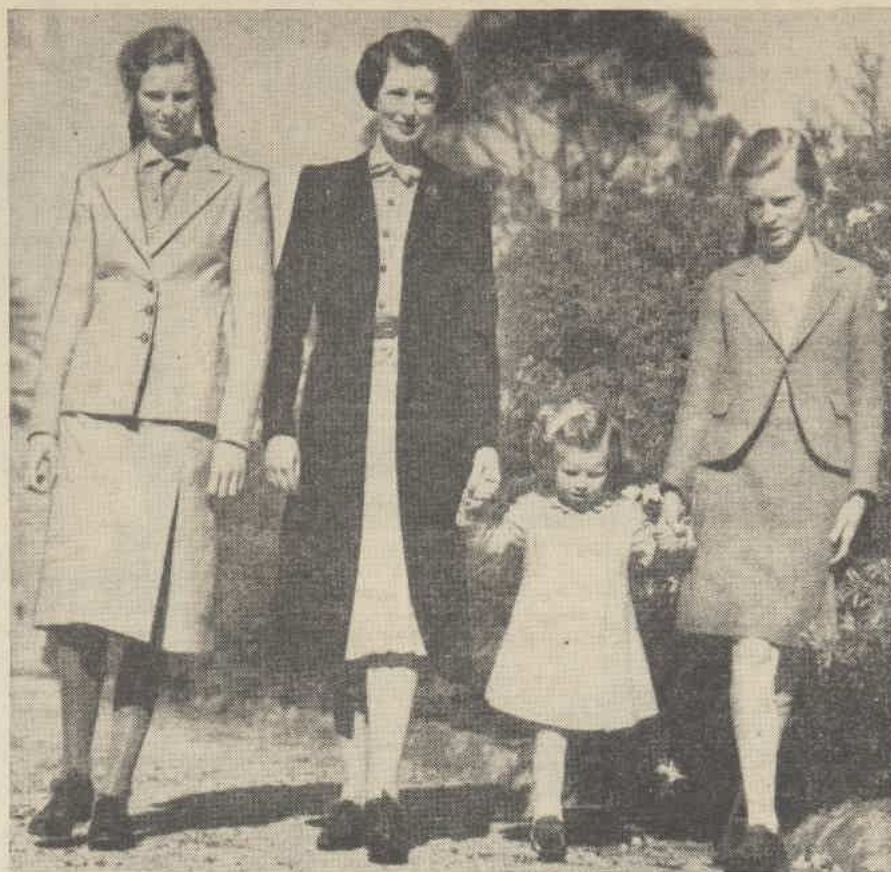
"EVERYBODY takes an enormous interest in Australia these days," she told me.

"We had dinner with the Churchills before we left, and Mr. Churchill gave us two books which he said we should read on the voyage.

"One was a copy of Adam Lindsay Gordon's poems—of which Mr. Churchill can recite long passages.

"The other was Maeterlinck's 'Life of the White Ant.'

"Mr. Churchill showed us the corner at No. 10 Downing Street from where he watches the air raids. Most Londoners find themselves unable to resist watching the raids



LADY CROSS, wife of the new British High Commissioner, with her three lovely daughters, Angela who is 15, Susanna 2, and Diana 13.

these days, as long as the planes are not directly overhead."

Sir Ronald, who is extremely tall—six feet three—is only 45. Before his new appointment he was Minister for Shipping.

In 1937-38, just after the Coronation, he was Vice-Chamberlain to His Majesty's Household.

He has brought his Court dress of that post with him, Lady Cross told me.

"The coat is really beautiful," she said, "most elaborately hand-embroidered in gold thread.

"The chief duty of the Vice-

Chamberlain is to write an 800-word telegram for the King on the debates in the House of Commons every day the House is in session.

"Actually it is not a telegram, but is always called that. It is really a written précis of the debates, and is delivered by a Whip's messenger.

Seven-foot bed

THE Cross family's furniture, which was stored at the beginning of the war, is remaining in storage, with the exception of a seven-foot bed which Sir Ronald, because of his unusual height, has brought with him.

"Sir Ronald, who likes writing, enjoyed this, and we heard that the King was pleased with his work.

"Another duty concerns State functions.

"The Treasurer and Comptroller of the Royal Household and the Vice-Chamberlain are the three men who, walking backwards and bowing, precede the King and Queen as they enter the room.

"It is difficult at first," said Lady Cross, illustrating the gait. "Everyone who holds these positions has to practise it for a while."

Flaxen pigtails

THE three fair-haired daughters of the Cross family are Angela (15), Diana, 13, and Susanna, two and a half.

Angela and Diana, slim school-girls with typical English complexions, will go to school.

"We may send them to boarding-school," said Lady Cross, "because I think it would be nice for them to meet Australian girls of their own age.

"They saw very little of the bombing in England, as they were in the country. Angela had formerly been at boarding-school in Sussex, and the school was evacuated to a lovely old castle in the heart of the countryside."

Lady Cross engaged six domestic servants before leaving England, and when they arrive she will set up house in Canberra.

"All of them are delighted at the chance of coming to Australia," she said.

Here is Noel Coward's latest song hit...



NOEL COWARD

"London Pride"

Published by special permission of the author



The flower London Pride.

All England is singing Noel Coward's latest song hit, "London Pride," which has its name from a familiar little London flower and its inspiration from the courage of the ordinary London man and woman.

By special permission of the author, The Australian Women's Weekly is able to present the words of "London Pride."

These are the verses which, set to an inimitable Coward melody, have set all England singing in the dark:

There's a little city flower—every spring unfailing,
Growing in the crevices by some London railing.
Though it has a Latin name, in town and countryside
We in England call it London Pride.

London Pride has been handed down to us.
London Pride is a flower that's free.
London Pride means our own dear town to us,
And our pride it forever will be.
Whoa, Liza—see the coster barrows,
The vegetable marrows, and the fruit piled high,
Whoa, Liza—little London sparrows,
Covent Garden Market, where the costers cry.
Cockney feet mark the beat of history.
Every street pins a memory down.
Nothing can quite replace
The grace of London town.

London Pride has been handed down to us.
London Pride is a flower that's free.
London Pride means our own dear town to us,
And our pride it forever will be.
Hey, Lady—when the day is dawning,
See the policeman yawning on his lonely beat.

Gay Lady—Mayfair in the morning,
Hear the footsteps echo in the empty street.
Early rain and the pavements glistening,
All Park Lane in a shimmering gown.
Nothing ever could break or harm
The charm of London Town.

In our city darkened now, street and square
and crescent,
We can feel our living past, in our shadowed
present
Ghosts beside the starlit Thames who lived
and loved and died
Keep throughout the ages London Pride.

London Pride has been handed down to us.
London Pride is a flower that's free.
London Pride means our own dear town to us,
And our pride it forever will be.
Grey city—stubbornly implanted,
Taken so for granted for a thousand years,
Stay city—smokily enchanted,
Cradle of our memories and hopes and fears,
Every blitz your resistance toughening
From the Ritz to the Anchor and Crown,
Nothing ever would override
The pride of London Town.

Of course I take a laxative



THAT ACCOUNTS
FOR MY LOVELY
CLEAR SKIN

Do you long to have a lovely clear complexion? Bright eyes? Lots of energy? Then start a course of Beecham's Pills to-day. They are so simple to take, harmless, gentle, yet always effective. Many people keep themselves fit with Beecham's Pills. For over ninety years Beecham's Pills have been the supreme remedy for Constipation, Biliousness, Digestive Upsets and Poor Skin. The Golden Rule of Health. You can get Beecham's Pills everywhere.

My laxative is

Beecham's Pills

Worth a Guinea a Box

DEAR JOHN

*Live for to-day, Bruce said,
and Linda forgot the man
who loved for all time.*

LINDA circled the small dance-floor in Bruce's arms, and knew for the first time in all her twenty-eight years what it is to be completely happy. Her silver slippers glided, twisted and turned in complete unity with each intricate step which her partner executed.

"You're so lovely, my sweet!"

Bruce's voice came to her muffled, because his lips were against her hair, and, so as not to break the magic of that moment, Linda responded only by the pressure of her slim fingers on his black-coated shoulder.

The last bar of the waltz swung into silence, and, with her hand in his, Linda allowed Bruce to lead her through the scattering couples to their table on the edge of the dance-floor. He did not drop her fingers even when they had taken their seats, but sat staring down at the coral-tipped nails lying against his square worker's palm.

"Linda—sweetheart! I am mad about you, my dear! You know that, don't you?"

Linda had not known it. Somehow it had seemed so important to disentangle her own conflicting feelings that she had never stopped to consider whether the flame which Bruce had lighted in her heart burnt as strongly in his own.

"Linda! Bruce gave her hand a little shake, to arrest her wandering grey eyes which were staring past him. "Linda! You feel that way, too, don't you?"

In her heart Linda said: "Forgive me, John. If it had

to happen, it is better it should be now than—later." Then she smiled, a little tremulously, into Bruce's eager eyes and nodded.

"Yes, Bruce. It's like that with me, too."

When Linda slipped into the flat she shared with her friend Kay, three hours later, Kay was awake. She blinked in the shaded light, and when her eyes focused themselves on Linda's face she sat bolt upright, hugging her knees and exclaimed:

"So it has happened!"

Linda did not have to ask, "So what has happened?" She and Kay knew each other too well for that question to be necessary.

"Yes," she said, "it has happened. I'm in love, Kay, and it's—very wonderful!"

"And what," asked Kay gently—"what about John?"

Linda sank slowly on to the twin divan beside Kay's.

"Dear John," she said, "That is the only thing that spoils it. Having to hurt him, I mean."

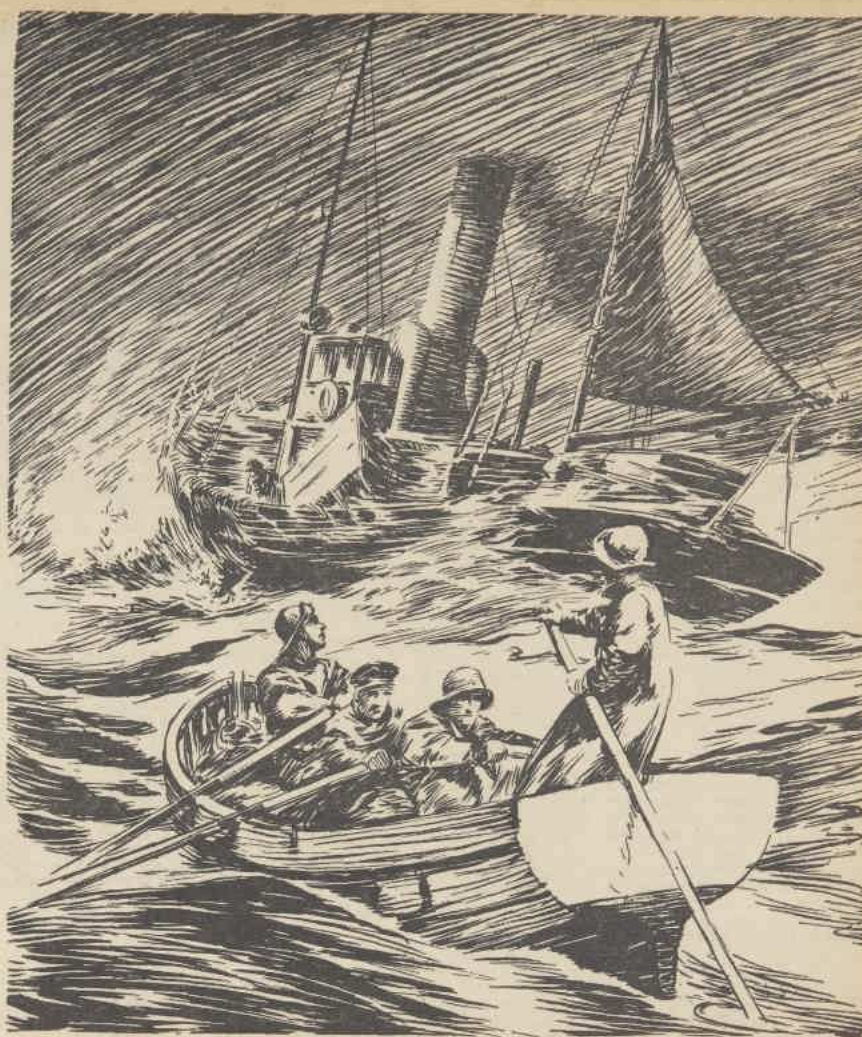
Kay rested her chin on her up-drawn knees.

"I suppose you are quite sure about Bruce?"

"As sure as I am of anything," replied Linda, and sighed, thinking of John.

John, who had loved her for so long, and to whom, in those early, uncertain days of the war, she had turned,

"You're so very lovely, my sweet," Bruce murmured.



When war came the sea had called John back to service.

feeling that in him was the one sure refuge in a world gone mad. And when the sea had called him back—not to any spectacular service in gold-braided uniform, but to the dirt and danger of mine-sweeping—Linda had been left to the consciousness of the great gap which his going had made in her life.

"That was strange, because she had known John for almost all of her twenty-eight years. He was as much a part of her background as the pieces of lovely old furniture now in the small flat reminding her of that gracious house in Warwickshire where she had been born.

"Of course, John was too old for you," Kay said, breaking into her reverie.

"Ten years older," replied Linda mechanically.

She remembered how Kay had raised that question of John's age when she had first told her that he had asked her to marry him. She remembered, too, her own reply to that indictment.

"I am twenty-eight, Kay," she had said, "and I have never met anyone I have really fallen for, or for whom I would count the world well lost. And John and I have everything in common."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, it seemed she could almost hear John's voice as he had said:

"I know I am a lot older than you, Linda, but I have loved you for a long time. We share so much, my dear, and I feel I could make you happy."

After the first shock of having John, who had always seemed like a kindly elder brother, turn, in the space of a few seconds, into a prospective husband and lover, Linda had begun to appreciate what it meant to be the hub of someone's universe. And, as John had said, they knew each other as intimately as, perhaps, it was possible for any two people to do, and in those days of uncertainty and bewilderment Linda found herself warmed and comforted by the knowledge of his love.

"John is a nice person, I know," Kay had exclaimed when Linda had discussed the matter with her. "But you don't love him, and that makes the whole thing so unromantic."

"Perhaps, but John and I will

always stay the same. There is no danger of romance ending in disillusion and ugliness as far as we are concerned. We shall always have our friendship and our memories, and he is such a dear, Kay. I only wish I could feel for him what he feels for me. Then it would be just perfect."

"And what happens if, after you are married to John, you meet someone with whom you fall in love—really in love, I mean?" Kay had demanded shrewdly.

"I don't believe I ever should fall for anyone in quite that way," Linda had replied, feeling a little wistful, because once she had dreamed of that rapture of which the poets sing.

And then Bruce had come into her life, and she knew that Love did hold all the rapture of the world.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" asked Kay, mugging down again.

Wartime romance by ROMA CAREY

beneath the bedclothes, and Linda shook her head.

"Not yet," she said, and felt a moment's panic, because, after all, she knew so little of Bruce. She had been content to follow her heart, and had never questioned that he wanted her for his wife. In that instant she faced, for the first time, what she would be losing when she told John that it was Bruce she loved. There had never been uncertainty with John. As Kay had once remarked:

"John may be unromantic, but he will never let you down."

Kay's question fretted at the back of Linda's mind in the weeks that followed. Bruce monopolised all her spare time now, and all of her thoughts—but he did not ask her to marry him.

The omission troubled her while they were apart. Only then could she think with a mind unclouded by her emotions. But while they were together she was content to let herself drift.

"When are you going to tell John?" Kay asked her as they sat

in their dressing-room in the exclusive establishment where they were both engaged as mannequins, and where Kay's dark sophistication was such a striking contrast to Linda's fair naturalness.

Linda, tracing the line of peasant embroidery on one of the dresses she was to model in the Summer Show, replied:

"Not till he comes home on leave. I couldn't write a thing like that. I must wait till I can tell him—make him understand."

"He will understand right enough," said Kay, with a little shrug of pity for the man who had loved Linda for so many years, but who would never win her now. "He must have known something like this might happen."

It was odd, thought Linda, how much she missed John all these weeks. She missed the understanding and sympathy he would have given her at this time. Always before she had confided in John all her doubts and difficulties, as well as her hopes and triumphs. But was this, she wondered, the one occasion when he would not be able to give her that understanding and sympathy, because of what he himself stood to lose?

"If I were you," remarked Kay, drawing a cobweb stocking up one long, shapely leg, "I should wait until Bruce asks you to marry him before you tell John." She gave Linda a direct glance out of eyes as worldly-wise as a woman twice her age, and Linda flushed with hot indignation.

"What a horrid thing to say! As if I didn't trust Bruce; as if I wanted John as a second string. He is too grand a person for that."

"John—or Bruce?" inquired Kay, with an almost elaborate innocence.

"John" snapped Linda curtly.

But, in spite of herself, Kay's edged comments rankled as Bruce, showing by every word and action that he loved her, still never asked her to be his wife.

When John arrived on the doorstep one evening, as casually as if he had only been away for a weekend, but with dark smudges of weariness and strain beneath his blue eyes, Linda told him, simply and directly, what had happened.

Please turn to page 26

BRIEF RETURN

Another absorbing instalment of our serial . . . in which there comes news, startling and terrible, of a second mysterious murder.

By MIGNON G. EBERHART

CONSTERNATION reigns at the lovely old home, Tenacres, when BASIL HOULT, supposedly killed in a plane accident twelve months previously, returns one evening. ALICE, his wife, who has remarried, JENNY SHORE, her sister, and MISS MARY CHACE, who has inherited his estate, are panic-stricken at his return, but that night Miss Mary finds him dead in the grounds.

At Jenny's entreaty, Miss Mary helps to conceal the body, and the fact of Basil's return, but DR. TOM TUCKER, for whom Miss Mary had sent, discovers the truth and sends for the police.

SUPERINTENDENT BATES and SERGEANT WALTERS conduct a rigorous investigation, questioning not only the members of the household, but neighbors RODNEY and CYNTHIA LOVEDAY and ALASTAIR EVANS. The case is further complicated by the fact that Alice has disappeared, leading the family to believe that she went to her husband, ROBERT BLAKE, who was away on business; also by conflicting stories told by COLLINS, the night-watchman.

Eventually the police discover that Basil was shot with Jenny's revolver. They come again to cross-examine Jenny and Miss Mary, then Superintendent Bates asks them to repeat their stories about the night of Basil's murder.

Now read on.

WELL, Jenny told her story again, and I told mine. Jenny said simply that she'd heard the sound of the shot and had come down to see what had happened. I had been on the telephone, asking Dr. Tucker to come at once; we had talked and she had begged me to try to keep the murder a secret. We went all through that at great length, admitting losing our heads, admitting that our general plan was, in those first hysterical moments, to keep the whole thing a secret. The Superintendent had heard it all before, but he pursed up his mouth and made us repeat the whole thing twice. I told my story briefly, too, just as I had told it to Tom.

Superintendent Bates didn't see the discrepancy in time, but Walters this time did, for he interrupted.

"How long did it take you to go down to the bridge, Miss Mary, and come back?"

I saw it coming. "Not very long. I'm not sure how long."

"Then where were you, Miss Jenny, in the meantime? If you came downstairs directly you heard the shot—"

"Oh, but I didn't," said Jenny. "It was—only when I saw someone cross the drive towards the house and it was Cousin Mary."

Tom turned then to look at her with a kind of baffled astonishment which would have been funny at another time.

But I was still, mainly, haunted by the thought of Alice—and the shaded secret depths of woods and swamp.

"You ought to find Alice," I said. "And the knife I saw on the bridge."

Jenny, I was thankful to observe, didn't seem to take in the real meaning of my inquiry about Alice. Walters shot up and opened his mouth and snapped it shut again. The shorthand lad's pencil flew up and back to his tablet. Tom said: "Knife?"

I explained as well as I could. There wasn't much to explain, and when they asked why I hadn't told of it before I replied that I'd forgotten it in the first place; besides, Basil had been shot. It was only later, when I realised that it must have been removed from the bridge during those ten minutes or so when I was at the house telephoning and talking to Jenny, that it began to seem important. Important at least as evidence of an intruder.

I said it all with, I trusted, an air of circumstantial truth that rivalled

Jenny's best effort; I admitted, too, and apologetically, my own stupidity in not seeing its possible significance sooner.

Tom looked at me a little oddly. Bates' forehead bulged portentously, and he questioned me heavily about the knife. However, I had told them all I knew of it. They questioned Joe again, and he knew nothing of it; and they had the gardener in. He knew still less; he did remember we had a knife but didn't remember seeing it for days.

It was six o'clock before they left, and the shadows were long again on the grass. Departing, Walters told us what we already knew, that the inquest was to take place the following day.

"At eleven," said Walters. "At the town hall. You and Miss Jenny will be asked to tell what you've told us."

There were to be, it seemed, quite a number of witnesses: our own household staff and Collins and Alastair Evans (why, I didn't know) and the boy who brought Basil from the station and whom they had finally identified. There were a number of others, too.

But in the end they didn't arrest Jenny or me.

The Superintendent's whole attitude had been threatening, but so far as I knew the only bit of what might be new evidence that they had got from their prolonged interview with us was the matter of the vanishing knife. And I rather wished I had continued my silence regarding it; it made another and dangerous link between Tenacres and the murder. Yet to me, in one way, it also suggested an outsider—or at least somebody besides Jenny, and I only hoped they would eventually see it in that light.

The matter of the revolver worried me more and more; surely they would see, if they were beginning to concentrate upon Jenny as a suspect, that she couldn't have moved the knife, and that its having been removed from the bridge certainly indicated another presence, if nothing else.

Tom said there would be a police guard at the house again that night. He didn't leave with Walters and the Superintendent, but went round the back, I suppose to question the gardener again and to prow about the greenhouse.

The greenhouse: it was the juxtaposition of the thought of the greenhouse and the sight of the kitten strolling languidly across the lawn and pausing to leap at a butterfly and yell hoarsely when it escaped him that made me reconsider certain things I had failed to tell Tom. After all, a noise in the shrubbery didn't mean Jenny just because she turned up later in a blue velvet cape.

I REALLY hadn't thought much of the kitten's bell; it had been inconsequent, absurdly trivial in view of the immediately later happenings. Now I looked at the kitten. The bell and harness were still gone, and if he had worn them at all during the past two days I would certainly have noticed it. Well, I resolved to tell Tom about that, too. And I did, but not until later. He didn't come to the house again, and must have gone away before dinner was served, for I sent Joe out to find him and ask him to dine with us, and Joe reported he'd gone.

And that night, quietly, in the little bare telephone office above the bank, the telephone operator was murdered.

She was alone on night duty, quite as usual. Somebody tried and failed to get a call through. In exasperation he went to the telephone exchange and found her there on the floor with her skull fractured and blood everywhere, and all the signals burning red.

But instead of clearing Jenny it only made things worse.

That night was the night of July the ninth. So far as Tenacres was concerned it was like any other of those nights. The moon was com-

ing up later and later, but still spread an eerie white glow through the small hours over Tenacres and its garden and lake and woodland.

The first we knew of the murder was just after breakfast the following morning. I was making a hunt for the kitten's bell and harness mainly for lack of something better to do and Jenny was helping me. She hadn't said a word when I told her why except when I spoke of the sound in the shrubbery that had awakened me the night of Basil's murder.

"Did you see anyone?"

"No. There was only a rustle, and then, when I called out, the tinkle of the kitten's bell."

"And the kitten was inside all the time?"

"I suppose so. Unless someone let him in the house while I was outside. At any rate he had no bell."

"Queer," said Jenny and helped me hunt for it in the shrubbery and house and gave me no further word of explanation as to her own activities on that night.

She hadn't, indeed, offered to explain anything to me; she was white and silent and, still, too rigidly guarded. Yet I felt in my bones that the time was coming, and soon, when the thing she knew, whatever it was, was going to grow too heavy a burden for her to carry alone. Eventually she must tell me or Tom; I counted on it and waited because I could do nothing else.

But the murder of Marion Smith, the telephone operator, shocking and brutal as it was, had its own very serious and consequential effects.

THE murder itself was bad enough. Yet we couldn't have prevented it. It wouldn't have changed things at all if I had told them of the knife in the first place, for they wouldn't have known where to look for it. And as to that, there wasn't from the first any real indication of the weapon used. There were, in fact, almost no clues to the girl's death, especially at first, and there was no weapon anywhere. There was, it developed, the faintest smudge of blood on the door leading upon a stairway and thus up to the two floors of offices above the bank building. Nothing else.

That was the trouble; there were almost no clues and the thing was done so silently, with such grim stealth, that it added to the horror of it. You felt that that fugitive murderous hand might strike again—anywhere and any time. It was not at all a nice feeling.

No one had heard or seen anything. Rodney was working late in his office on the same floor, but down a long corridor which turned once, and at the opposite end of the building, and said he had heard nothing. So the girl couldn't have cried out; perhaps had never known anything of the attack. It was the thing everyone hoped.

Early that morning the police telephoned to say that the inquest had been postponed, but didn't say why or when it would take place. I was pleased. I was hoping desperately for some development favorable to Jenny. Well, there was a development but it was in no sense favorable.

Rodney came to tell us of it, hurrying up the hill and arriving as Jenny turned over a cushion and said rather wearily that she hadn't seen the bell since the day it arrived (also the day of Basil's return) and that, as the harness wasn't tight, the kitten had wriggled out of it somehow.

"It couldn't run about tinkling all by itself," I said, eyeing the kitten, who watched us idly, and wishing he could talk.

Jenny agreed that it couldn't.

"Everything seems to be disappearing," she said sombrely. "The kitten's bell and Hugo and—where is Hugo, do you suppose?"

"If he's dead I can't say I'm sorry. Hugo is not a dog whose demise one would regret."

Please turn to page 28



"Have I been gone long?" Jenny asked, suppressing a strange excitement.

TONY FLETCHER stood under the softly shaded lights in the Dixon drawing-room with Susan Dixon in his arms, and her chestnut head was against his shoulder, where she had rested it after he kissed her.

It was one of those moments when the world stands still. Tony's leave had coincided with the week of Susan's birthday, and he was making the most of it, drinking in the peace of home life after the bustle and routine of his depot.

Despite the war, Susan's birthday would always be Susan's birthday, he thought, as he gazed dreamily over at the log fire crackling away in the large open fireplace. Yet Tony felt uneasy. It had been snakes this morning. This afternoon it might be anything.

As he bent down to kiss the soft curls on her forehead he heard a rustle across his shoulder like dry leaves, and felt the flick of a wet tongue against his neck. He stepped back sharply.

"Susan!" he said. "You're wearing them again!"

"Wearing what, Tony?" Susan asked. Her voice was dreamy and so were her eyes.

"Eenie and Meenie."

Susan looked down at the two chameleons that clung to the warm stuff of her dress. They were motionless now, and Eenie, who had caused the disturbance, blinked his eyes once more and then held them shut. His chain and collar gleamed faintly in the firelight. Susan brushed his scales with the tip of her finger.

"He loves you, Tony," she said.

"Well, I don't love him and I don't love Meenie either. They remind me of things you see in bad dreams."

"Oh, Tony, don't say unkind things. They're pretty."

"So are Obadiah and Silky!"

"I think they are, very."

"And I don't."

"Darling, you've been overworking. We shouldn't dash about so much." She smiled up at him and patted his arm as if he were an invalid, and he felt the old thrill. "You ought to like animals, Tony. They are man's best friends."

"But I like horses, my sweet, and I like dogs. I even like some cats."

"That's just habit and convention—everybody likes horses and dogs. Now take snails. How do you feel about snails?"

"To be perfectly frank, a little green."

"But they're so interesting, Tony! When they come out of their shells—"

"Please, darling, I said green." He tilted her face up, making sure not to disturb Eenie and Meenie. "Listen, you sweetest person. After we're married, couldn't you get interested in golf, bridge, wood works, or something? These strange animals—"

"We've been all over that before," said Susan, and turned her head away. The curve of her throat looked particularly lovely in the soft light. "If you really want to marry me—"

"Darling, it's the one thing I want, and you can bring the whole marmoset. You've won."

But the sparkle had left Susan's eyes. "That's quite a concession, isn't it?" she asked quietly, moving away from him. And before Tony could think of the right thing to restore her smile, tea was brought in and the moment was lost.

He walked home slowly. It was only a short distance as his father's house and the Dixons' were adjoining. The Dixon family had been the first to build on the stretch of shore north of the busy seaside town near the Fletchers' rambling old house, and Susan and Tony had grown up together. But her love of collecting strange pets had developed in the last year or two.

He remembered only too well that summer afternoon, the year the war broke out, when they had gone down to the beach together. She'd worn the bathing suit with tropical flowers on the pale satin, and he'd been so dazzled by her smooth tan and slim figure that he hadn't paid much attention to the wicker basket she carried.

She opened the basket when they returned from their bath, and two snakes crawled out. They were grass snakes, mottled green and yellow, and they lifted their heads



TONS OF LOVE

Humorous short story

to taste the air with forked red tongues. Susan had scooped out a hollow in the sand for them and introduced them to Tony. Their names were Obadiah and Silky, and she had bought them the week before. After the first glimpse Tony had stopped looking at them, but he knew they were there in the sand near them. He had an uncomfortable feeling in his stomach, and it had been a long afternoon.

The very same week she had bought a marmoset which was allowed to sit on her shoulder, and always seemed to be on her shoulder when Tony had other ideas. He hoped that this new craze would pass as quickly as it had begun, but every time he came home there was a new pet in the house. Chameleons, snakes, snails, lizards—what a life to look forward to! Snakes in the bedroom, snails in the pantry, the marmoset on her shoulder. Yes, it was the marmoset he disliked most.

He was glad his family were not back when he reached the house. He

"Well, as a matter of fact, it is —"

"Are you still cross about last night?"

"No, a thousand times no. I was hurt, that's all, and then there were too many people about when I left. Truth is, I'm going to buy your birthday present."

"Oh," she said, and the chill left her voice. "That's marvellous, and you've made me very curious."

"Will be back after lunch."

He drove the thirty miles in good time and inquired for the zoo. He knew exactly what he wanted if such an animal were available. The head keeper was a kindly little man, and after listening to what Tony had to say he said the one word, "Elspeth," his eyes twinkling.

Elspeth was smaller than the other elephants, which is to say she was roughly the size of an ordinary steamroller. She was rather light in shade and she seemed well fed. Her eyes were small, red, and active.

Elspeth moved closer to the rail when she saw Tony, and there came from her throat a soft, muted trumpeting, which he felt rather than heard. Then she lifted her trunk and extended it through the bars. Tony eyed the damp red tip.

"You wouldn't play any tricks on me, would you?"

She answered with the same note as before. So he put his hand over the rail and she explored it gently with the end of her trunk.

"Elspeth has always been a little temperamental with visitors. This is the first time I've seen her act nice and friendly since she's been here. She likes you, all right. Must be your voice," said the keeper.

"Where is the secretary's office? I'd like to have Elspeth."

"Over there in the corner building. You'll see the name on the door."

Tony thanked him and walked across the gravel. Behind, Elspeth snorted, then squealed angrily as he disappeared from view.

By eleven o'clock, next morning Elspeth was established at Stone Lodge, the Fletchers' home. The keeper had decided that the best place for the time being was under a large tree that stood between the house and the stables. They attached one end of a long chain to a leg shackle and clamped the other end to the tree. She had plenty of room to move round, and Tony had a tub of water and some hay placed near.

The first difficulty came when Tony went into the house to telephone Susan. As soon as he was out of sight, Elspeth began trumpeting wildly and tossing her chain around

"Well, darling," said Tony, "there's your present."

as if it were a ribbon. Tony shut his ears to the uproar and rang up Susan.

"Will you call round here before we go out to lunch? I've got something to show you."

"My present?"

"Yes. Got the exact thing."

"I'll be right over."

The yard was bedlam now. Elspeth's trumpeting had reached high C, and she kept it up without pausing for breath. Tony hurried out.

He found Elspeth pointed towards the house, her trunk in the air like a trombone. She was ready to let go with another blast when she caught sight of him. The effect was magical. Lowering her trunk, she murmured softly in her throat. Tony walked up and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Not so much noise, old girl," he said. "This is a respectable neighborhood."

She wrapped her trunk round his shoulders and squeezed gently. Tony raised his brows, and thought of the

marmoset. Perhaps Susan would object!

It was nearly twelve-thirty already and time to be thinking of lunch. But every time he took a step towards the house, Elspeth sent up such a protest that Tony half expected everybody for miles round to come tearing along to see what was wrong.

Tony heard Susan arrive; to be on the safe side, he moved the tub of water out of the elephant's reach. He was straightening up from this task when Susan came round the side of the house. She was dressed in a tartan suit, the lines of the skirt emphasising the grace of her long slim legs. But when she saw Elspeth she stopped suddenly, and her eyes were as big as walnuts.

"Tony! What in the world?"

He kissed her lightly, and they both heard the rattle of chains and the indignant snort behind them. Tony grinned at Susan, but she seemed frozen to the ground.

Please turn to page 24

ROAD HOUSE HOSTESS

Romantic story of
a lovely and hot-
headed Irish girl
who dared defy
public opinion.



Beside Mr. Colbrand, Tom gazed at Leigh in rapt admiration.

LEIGH COLBRAND paused on her way out from The Crescent Moon and listened. Leigh Colbrand was an impetuous Irish girl from Killarney, new to the stiff little country set among which she and her delightful Irish hunting-squire father had settled.

She had come to The Crescent Moon into a young, moneyed crowd bent on dancing and drinking. They were still dancing and drinking in the magnificently proportioned rooms with the gay frescoes.

Everything was beautifully and expensively done in this new acquisition to the neighborhood. Decorum was beautifully observed, so the young could be let loose at the road-house with an easy conscience by harassed parents driven by the everlasting "Let's do something" into giving permission to do anything so long as they were left in peace and quiet at home.

So, in the third month of its opening, The Crescent Moon on this particular night contained the restless overflow of youth from most of the big houses of the neighborhood.

Stepping out of the racket caused by youth and beauty drawn from various social strata, Leigh's ear had been caught by someone sobbing. Not a desperate sound, or suggesting acute pain or sorrow; but a young, helpless sound.

She pushed open the door of a darkened room and spoke into the darkness with her slight, attractive Killarney brogue.

"Is there anything I can do?"

A light was turned on; and she saw Fannie Smith, the social hostess of The Crescent Moon, sitting on a sofa with her handkerchief a wet ball in her hand, and her little face ravaged by childish grief.

"What's to do?" said Leigh.

Fannie Smith sought self-recovery and professional poise with a sniff and a watery smile.

"It's my father," she said, pointing to a telegram.

"Dead?" said Leigh in her light, soft, "falling leaf" voice—keenings as only an Irish voice can over someone else's trouble.

"No; but dreadfully ill. I daren't go to him. We're packed for Easter. It's a special dinner-dance. They can't get anyone else as dance-hostess-singer at such short notice. The manager was awfully decent. He said if I could find someone I could personally vouch for socially, someone who could sing, too, he'd let me go. I've been a success, you see," she spoke quite simply and honestly. "This is their big season. There will be lots of strangers here. You can't blame them for wanting me here as hostess at the time I will be most needed, can you?"

The two girls, the attractive little blonde professional hostess and the lissom Irish girl with the black hair, surveyed each other.

"Daddy's going home to Grannie in Ireland for Easter because she's in a nursing home," Leigh said slowly. "Grannie's house is closed, otherwise I would have gone, too. I am at a loose end and I can play the harp and sing a little—old Irish laments and ballads. 'An Irish Lover's Lament,' and 'I'm Sitting By the Stile, Mary,' and 'The Wearing o' the Green.' That sort of thing. I know a lot of the people. I wouldn't mind being road-house hostess for a few days."

"But your father?"

"Daddy sailed to-night; besides, he wouldn't mind."

"But they'll be your friends here and others."

The two girls looked at each other. "See whether the manager will accept me as a substitute hostess," said Leigh. "I have a new evening dress that I have never worn. Let's go and ask him."

The manager was astute. He knew the local social register by heart. He knew just who Leigh Colbrand was and where she lived. When she threw out the bait of being a harpist and having a repertoire of old Irish laments and ballads, he acquiesced instantly.

"I'll have handbills and posters printed," he said. "There's still time! You won't mind, Miss Colbrand?"

There was not an ounce of the snob or the conventionalist in Leigh Colbrand. She was far too big a person. Amused, she agreed to all the manager's excited projects for supplying his clients with free entertainment and impeccable social standing at the same time.

"We'll have an Irish night," he said. "The tables decorated with emerald-green ribbon. Emerald-green balloons and streamers. Ices in the shape of four-leaved clovers. I'll think out a dozen gadgets and special favors and an amusing Irish menu before the night. I'll have a special souvenir menu printed."

He was bubbling with plans. Here was a "special feature" hostess without salary.

What he did not know was the touch of real drama that was to be supplied to his free entertainment by the morning newspapers rolling off the press in the city of London at that moment.

They contained the news that one George Colbrand had embezzled thousands of his clients' money and was at that moment in flight and being sought, far and wide, by the police.

It was a sensational and disgraceful city failure. It involved thousands of poor innocent investors. George Colbrand had worked behind a syndicate, the master-brain, but a shadow personality.

It so happened that the George Colbrand whom the police and amateur detectives among his dupes were hounding down was no connection whatever of the George Colbrand who was the father of Leigh Colbrand.

The swindler was an older man than Leigh's parent, George Colbrand. He was not an Irishman. But the name was the same. And it was unusual.

It is a curious thing about small English rural communities that they accept a newcomer with intense inward curiosity and outward indifference. They do not make immediate or pertinent inquiries about a new arrival. They "wait and see" with immense reservations and not a little hostile suspicion.

This, their usual procedure in the countryside, they had followed out with regard to George Colbrand, father of Leigh. They knew him to be Irish by his brogue, sportsman by his gaiters and tweeds, gentleman by his manner. Obviously, he had money. He would not have taken Moat Farm without it.

They had not attempted to discover where it came from, or checked up on his past. So, everyone in the village, reading of the exploits and final collapse of George Colbrand, the swindler, promptly concluded that he was George Colbrand who had taken Moat Farm and was busy spending hundreds of his ill-gotten gains on the renovation of the garden and grounds.

As always happens with these crooked wizards of finance, the George Colbrand in whom the police were so vitally interested had taken the utmost care never to be photographed either by design or accident. It took a great deal of close tunnelling by the Press, the police and the Intelligence Department to reveal anything of his career. It was known that he had one or two country estates. It was supposed in the village that Moat Farm was merely one of them.

Unquestioningly, the village identified the newcomer, George Colbrand, with the George Colbrand who galvanised them into resentful and righteous anger in the daily Press.

Please turn to page 16



Rising, Leigh stepped forward and smiled at her audience.

FASHION PORTFOLIO

July 26, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

CHENILLE . . . in brand-new styles for the smartest occasions



• Slim blue slacks are highlighted with a tailored skeeter jacket in cherry-red. It is zipped right down the front, and features long sleeves, extended shoulders, and patch pockets.



• To enhance a green wool skirt — a longish daffodil-yellow jacket, designed on slim lines with new pocket treatment.



• Bright yellow chenille provides cosiness and charm for skating. The brief little frock has a spinning skirt and chubby bolero laced in burgundy.

• Light rust jodhpurs are contrasted with a zippered and impeccably tailored jacket in misty-green.



• Ideal for golf — tailored grey worsted culottes worn with a green wool jersey shirt-blouse and a pocketed jerkin in deep red, with low round neck.



• Drifting evening frock of white organza with a cummerbund of purple velvet to match up with the square-shouldered little cape. Stripes are cleverly woven in circular arrangement.

Revue

DANCE FROCKS . . . accent charm



• Chiffon glamor gown with mile-wide skirt and draped, figure-hugging bodice. It features an artful two-tone combination—the frock cerise and the overskirt and shoulder-pieces wine.



• Old-World elegance captured in this frock of smoky-grey chiffon with full sleeves and graceful skirt. A snowy-white embroidered ruffle garnishes the low, round neckline and the hem of the stiff tulle petticoat (top centre).



• Flower-fresh white pique with spinning circular skirt and simply tailored jacket top punctuated with bands of cotton lace.

It's the Fashion TO WEAR
KAYSER MIR-O-KLEER
HOSIERY

It's fun to go gay on carnival days
With legs clad in beautiful, glamorous "K's"—
"K" stands for Kayser—
A girl finds it pays her
To insist on the stockings whose quality stays!



For the daily round . . . KAYSER
Stockings! Sturdy "Twyn-Sylks"
for work and sports. Elegant Mir-o-
Kleer Sheers to accompany afternoon
frocks. On the dance-floor go grand
in Kayser Super Sheers. "Twyn-
Sylks" from 4/11. Mir-o-kleer
Sheers and Super Sheers 5/11 to 9/11.

Definitely—I'm
a ONE BRAND woman
now . . . I insist on
KAYSER

IF THEY FIT THE ANKLE WITHOUT A WRINKLE . . . THEY'RE KAYSER

• Pale, foggy-blue silk crepe with fan-pleated skirt drifting out from a draped waistband. Clumps of violets are worn in the hair and pinned on the brocade bag.



BLouses . . .

tailored or flippant

Seven irresistible new styles . . . sleekly tailored or frosted with lace and equally charming 'neath your winter suit or topping an odd skirt to welcome spring.

SKETCHED BY PETROV



● 1. Slim-fitting, double-breasted style in heavy white crepe punctuated with bands of vivid embroidery.

● 2. Very early-Victorian blouse of white organdy with shadow tucks and a garnishing of fragile lace.

● 3. Palest mist-blue organza with jabot and puffed sleeves embroidered in pastel-pink and edged with ruffles.

● 4. Delicate pink net with full sleeves and scalloped yoke embroidered in deep pink rosebuds and edged with Val lace.

● 5. Tailored blouse in primrose-yellow silk jersey with cardigan neckline and touches of artistic stitching.



● 6. White muslin pin-spotted with pottery-red for a shirt-waist blouse with tiny yoke. Stitched collar, cuffs, and waistband are in plain white.

● 7. Casually tailored blouse in white crepe with tiny revers and perked-out shoulder-line. Embroidered flower-pot pockets.

HAND-CUT patterns are available for these Petrov-designed blouses in sizes 32-in. to 38-in. bust, price 1/4. Apply to our Pattern Department. For address see Pattern Page.



They caught the 'Boots' Red Handed!

Two diggers on leave were staying at an hotel in Cairo and had noticed that their consumption of Kiwi seemed to have mysteriously jumped by leaps and bounds! No amount of watchfulness was successful in locating the thief, so one of them put a small quantity of carbide and water in an empty Kiwi tin.

Sealing the tin again, they left the bait temptingly on the wash stand, went to bed and slept right through the night without interruption. Next morning the mystery was solved and it didn't need any Sherlock Holmes on the job either—just a sense of smell! They wandered down the winding passages of the hotel and by following their noses, caught the culprit red-handed . . . the Gyppo 'Boots' of the hotel who, despite the overwhelming evidence, vehemently denied his guilt.

Maybe the Gyppo was ashamed of himself . . . or maybe it was the posterior chastisement the digger administered . . . but anyhow no more Kiwi disappeared.

Even in the last War many a Digger's Kiwi was "borrowed" by Tommies in England. After all Kiwi does make a big difference in getting a brilliant shine on boots. It brings up a rich gloss in double quick time . . . it sinks into the pores and preserves the leather . . . and is most economical because a little goes a long way. Wherever you go you'll notice that all the best polished shoes are shined with Kiwi.

How to get that Mirror-finish Shine with KIWI

First of all rub the dust off the shoes. Then with a piece of cloth wrapped round the fingers, rub in a fair quantity of Kiwi Polish. When the polish is well rubbed in dip the cloth in water (which you can have ready in the top of the tin) and rub thoroughly all over the shoes. Now polish briskly whilst there are still little globules of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror finish" will result.

KIWI

BLACK • DARK TAN • ARMY TAN



Fashion PATTERNS



F2139



F3251



F2140



F2141



F2842



F3206.—Trim day frock with rounded shoulder line and conical pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ¾yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2139.—Dainty frock with lace yoke and full skirt. Designed for small girls of 2 to 8 years. Requires 2yds., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

F3251.—New version of the blouse and skirt trend, featuring cross-over bodice and full skirt. Ideal for business girls. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds. for top and 1½yds. for skirt, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2140.—Flattering frock and boxy jacket for mothers-to-be. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds. for frock, 2½yds. for jacket, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2141.—Delicate and impeccably cut lingerie set, pretty enough for a trousseau. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds. for nightie, 2½yds. for slip, and 1yd. for scanties. Individual patterns, 1/1 each. Complete set, 2/7.

F2842.—Perfectly tailored pyjamas with uplift bustline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1866.—Full-skirted dinner gown with draped bodice and fragile waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 8½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

Special Concession Pattern

A CHARMING blouse and three dainty collar and cuff sets.

Blouse in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 4.—Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

Please Note!

● To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:—

Box 396A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.

Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Box 402W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

STREET

SUBURB

TOWN STATE.....

SIZE

Pattern Coupons, 3d./4d.



F1866

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Like a dream . . .

"IT'S all like a dream, coming to Australia," Lady Cross tells me when we meet in sunny morning-room at Government House soon after her arrival. She has always wanted to come . . . her father, Mr. W. Emott, was born in New South Wales, and she remembers stories from her grandfather who came here on a gold Commission.

Now Lady Cross arrives with her husband, British High Commissioner Sir Ronald Cross (he was knighted en route from England) and their three daughters, whose names all end with "a" . . . Angela, Diana, and Susanna.

Before leaving England the Crosses dined with the Duke and Duchess of Kent. "We're still looking forward to going to Australia," said the Duchess. And they dined with Mr. Churchill who quoted pages of Adam Lindsay Gordon's poems.

Until taking up residence at Canberra the Cross family stays at Government House . . . Lord Wakehurst and Sir Ronald were at Elton together.

Influx of notables . . .

SUCH an influx of notables as this last week brings . . . most since pre-war days. Sir Evelyn and Lady Wrench arrive and are welcomed by Overseas League, English-Speaking Union (Sir Evelyn founded both), and at Lord Mayor's reception.

Then I meet charming Mrs. M. E. Antrobus, whose husband is Sir Ronald Cross' first secretary. Take tea at the Australia with her and two sons, Philip and James, who show healthy schoolboy appetite for hot buttered crumpets.

"We have a flat in London," Mrs. Antrobus said. "At least, we had when we left. It is in a block, half of which has already been bombed."

Parties for bride . . .

TWO pre-wedding luncheons for Joyce Longworth . . . Phyl Croll and her sister Jean (Mrs. Bill Lincoln) entertain at Pickwick Club, and Jean Longworth is hostess to twelve at Prince's. The last-mentioned Jean will be bridesmaid, together with Eileen Longworth, when Joyce weds Gordon Grant on July 28, All Saints', 7 p.m.

Bridegroom-elect, who is in R.A.A.F., finishes his course at Point Cook just few days before wedding, arriving here in time for John Longworth's party at Prince's this Saturday. Joyce has chosen full bridal array . . . color schemes and all that are close secret.

Matinee hold-up . . .

BARRAGE of camellia-sellers "hold up" everyone arriving at Theatre Royal for Bundles for Britain matinee. Mrs. J. O. Meeks and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harry Meeks, both deplete Mrs. Gordon Ross' stock. Mrs. Ted Houghton, too. Mrs. Dan Carroll and Mrs. D. F. Weingarth other vendors of lovely pink and white blooms.

Loudest applauder in dress circle is programme-seller Stephanie Edye . . . especially when announced that £350 is raised from matinee. Also in dress circle is charming Thailand visitor Mrs. Peter Skevington, who tells me she and Peter are off to Kosciusko.

Mary Traill Hooke, in V.A. uniform, Mrs. Keith Martin, Mrs. Ernest Lashmar, Mrs. Cecil Johnson also in audience.

No pink elephants . . .

DROP in to Mrs. John Grace's Bellevue Hill home and find rooms full of naval wives busy with green rats, purple monkeys, yellow donkeys . . . but no pink elephants. Mrs. Grace brings out new spring hatbox. Ahah! Here's nice fashion note, say I to myself, but out comes a fetching woolly lamb . . . made from scraps left over from seamen's sheepskin waistcoats.

Every available spot in the house, Mrs. Grace tells me, accommodates the scores of things which have been made to stock the Nursery Shop at Deric Deane's, August 21, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.

The idea of the toys was introduced by Mrs. J. T. Prior, Mrs. Grace's evacuee sister from Hongkong, where the same scheme was successfully carried out. Mrs. Prior is an excellent instructor . . . very deftly she inserts eyes into purple felt monkey while I look on.

Those assisting to make appealing felt animals and nursery clothes are Mesdames G. C. Muirhead-Gould, John Bath, John Mesley, G. W. Paine, Ross Stewart, C. E. S. Crowley, V. Bath (Singapore).

Did you know? . . .

MRS. OWEN DAVIS, who has been living with her father, Mr. Justice Nicholas, at Rose Bay since her marriage to Captain Davis, A.I.F., has taken a flat in Edgecliff Road. Judge Nicholas was married recently in Melbourne to Mrs. Grace Gellibrand, of Tasmania.

Nancy Lipscomb's engagement ring, presented by fiance Gordon Richards, is alternate sapphires and diamonds.

New South Wales guests at wedding in Melbourne of Joy Carse and A.I.F. ack-ack Bill Murray include the Otway Falkiners and daughter Lawre, Mrs. Bruce Steer, and Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Paterson. Also, of course, bride's parents, the John Corses, of Moonbria, Jerilderie.

Clubrooms crowded . . .

R.C.H.Y.S. clubrooms even busier than usual on night of Younger Set's 11th birthday dinner. Four hundred diners haven't time to dash home after office hours, so they bring dinner frocks to town and change at club in time to be at David Jones' and welcome Lady Wakehurst at 6.45 p.m.

In last 12 months, 14,000 meals have been served at club . . . members themselves acting as voluntary waitresses and cashiers. Much applause at dinner when announced £1525 raised by girls in year.

Red polsnettias and Red Cross emblems on white tablecloths make effective decorations. At largest table sit 100 V.A.D. members.

Those who receive badges include Frances Beattie, Marie Wilson, Florence Somerville, Dulcie Chant, Elsie Phillips, Grace Simpson, Beth Porter, Marjorie McEvoy, Haldee Cameron.

Heard around town . . .

DENZIL MACARTHUR ONSLOW is promoted to Lieut.-Colonel. Now commanding-officer of his regiment in Libya.

Mrs. Charlie Kater will be god-mother to the John McDonalds' infant.

Good fall of snow delights Ruth Manning at Kosciusko.



• MELBOURNE picture of the Kenneth Palmers leaving Toorak Church. Bride formerly Joan Austin, of Lake Midgeon, Narrandera. Sydney for honeymoon.



• NEW RESIDENTS. Mrs. M. E. Antrobus and schoolboy sons Philip and James, who are settling in at Canberra. Mr. Antrobus is secretary to Sir Ronald Cross.



• CAMELLIA VENDOR Mrs. Malcolm Davidson (left) finds customer in Mrs. Gordon Ross at Bundles for Britain matinee, Theatre Royal.



• TEA FOR TWO. Daisy Vale brings afternoon tea to Robert Singm (left) and Rex Lynch at Y.W.C.A. Open House.



• LORRAINE SEE poses in lovely Miculetz model of striped faille and black net which she will wear at Spring Parade, Australia, July 30, to aid Deaf, Dumb and Blind.



• HAPPY SMILES from Ian Fleming and his bride, Jocelyn Priestley, as they leave Christ Church, South Yarra (Melbourne). Ian is son of F. B. Flemings, Wahroonga.



• VOLUNTARY AIDS Henrietta Loder (left) and Vena Fuller arrive at Minerva to see "Two Mrs. Carrolls" after marching from Elizabeth Bay.



• NEWLYWEDS Norman Hill and his bride, formerly Mrs. Joan Barclay, now back in Sydney after secret Melbourne wedding on July 12.

An Editorial

JULY 26, 1941

ARMISTICE IN SYRIA



ALONG the Syrian battle-front the guns are hung with soldiers' washing, and the ancient hills of Lebanon no longer echo to the sounds of war.

Never was a peace signed more eagerly and with more relief by both victorious and vanquished.

Syria was garrisoned by men from all parts of the once proud French Empire. They had gathered there to protect Frenchmen and French lands from the threat of German aggression.

They trained and worked as Allies of the British and began with the British a great fight for freedom.

Their homeland and their leaders fell under the Nazi battering, and torn with conflicting loyalties they found their guns must be turned on former comrades-in-arms.

They had little stomach for that fight, but they were soldiers, disciplined to obey the orders from above.

They fought and they lost—in the military sense—but the easy, amicable arrangement of the peace suggests that the loss brought no bitterness and the peace no hankering to fight on.

For the Free French, British, Australian, and Indian troops there was little exultation in victory.

They, too, went into the fight more in sorrow than in anger.

A job had to be done, the States of Syria had to be gained as a sphere of Allied influence instead of lost as a Nazi stepping-stone to further attack.

The job has been done, well done, and a sigh goes up on all sides, "Thank God, that's over."

To Australian General Lavarack, who on his own initiative suggested the armistice to French General Dentz, goes a special share of our national gratitude.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

HELD prisoner for five days by the Germans in Crete, Private Jim Murty tells how he made his escape in a letter to a girl-friend, which wins this week's first prize of £1.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of, or extracts from, letters. Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used and a minimum of 5/- for all other extracts published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Private Jim Murty to Miss Gwen Hibel, Narooma, N.S.W.:

"I WAS taken prisoner by the Huns in Crete, but escaped after five days.

"They took everything I had, even that ring you gave me. They even ripped up my snapshots.

"They took me on a truck, and as we were going along some Greek policemen fired on them. The Huns scattered out of the truck, and I ran towards the protection of the Greeks and escaped.

"From there I walked across the island and found that we had to surrender, so I made for the cliffs, and there found a dozen or so Aussies and Tommies who were looking for a boat. After waiting there for hours we spotted a barge floating and one of the boys swam out and got it.

"To our joy there was some petrol, so we laid low all day and waited for night.

"By night time we were about 32 strong, so we left at dusk. Immediately the Germans fired on us, but God was with us, and no one was hurt.

"We were on the sea for eight days and nights drifting after the petrol ran out, living on a dry biscuit and a mouthful of water a day. Half of us nearly went off our heads. On the eighth day we had a little sermon on the barge, and like a miracle we sighted land that night.

"Gee, how glad we were to get on safe ground again."

Driver Dawson Wheatley to his family at Maraachydore, Qld.:

"IT is almost dusk here, and so we have retreated to our 'funk-holes' for the night.

"Mine, which I share with three others, is built of huge stones. It is a cosy little den. The walls are about three feet in depth and about four feet wide, and the roof is of tin with a layer of sandbags on the top.

"The entrance is built zig-zag to stop machine-gun bullets from coming in the open doorway.

"Inside we have a candle stuck in a bottle for a light, so you can see we are quite comfy in our desert home.

"Then, as a rule before going to sleep, one of the boys reads aloud the funny parts of some old magazine, so we always manage to get some sort of entertainment.

"I suppose by now you have some idea that we are in action, but you have no need to worry as we are holding them with the greatest of ease. Of course we are subjected to a fair amount of dive-bombing and machine-gunning, but that is the worst.

"His troops on the ground are like a lot of scared rabbits hiding in the hills. They haven't the 'guts' to come out and fight. (Yes, dear mother, I said 'guts'.)

"But you don't have to worry about me. I hold the record for our crowd.

"One day they dive-bombed us. I was caught out in the open, but before they

Winnie the War Winner



"But you said I might have to bail out."

could release any ironmongery I was flat out on my stomach and had scratched a hole for myself over six inches deep (in solid rock). There, beat that one!"

Driver A. J. Henderson in the Middle East to his mother at Croydon, S.A.:

"I GOT away from Crete by the last boat that left, and was very fortunate to make it.

"We were all-in when we landed aboard the destroyers. Hadn't eaten for three days, and for 10 days before had been on a ration of one loaf of bread for 12, and six men to a tin of corned beef. Hell, we were hungry.

"On the day before we left, one of the lads had been out scrounging, and returned with half a sugarbag of snails which were all eaten by the boys, accompanied by leaves from a mulberry tree under which we were sitting.

"It was heavenly to get aboard those ships, and to eat and eat, and then go to sleep in peace. The sailors did everything they could do for us."

A soldier in Malaya to Mrs. Shelton Smith of The Australian Women's Weekly:

"I HAVE just heard from my wife that you were kind enough to ring her and deliver my message.

"Things here are much the same as when you left except that we have steadily increased the severity of the training.

"We can do jobs now on a cupful of rice and a bottle of water that we couldn't have looked at on full meals two months ago.

"Not that food's short. It isn't. But we've been experimenting, so if you're in doubt about how to cook rice, let us know!"

J. C. MacGregor in the Middle East to his wife at Townsville, Qld.:

"IT is very interesting to see the old patients in a hospital ward watching the new-comers. As soon as their battalion color patch shows, they 'freeze' on the new chap and ply him with 'How's the mob?' and 'Where did you leave them?' and 'Did anyone get knocked?' etc., etc., and you notice the anxiety in their faces.

"They are just 'rearing' to get back and have another 'go.' It's marvellous the mateship one finds in surroundings such as these.

"I'll never forget those handshakes, in the dark, as mates move on up into action.

"You know the last talk at night invariably turns to 'those at home,' and we have our welcome home in a blaze of light, and our dear ones around. Then we conjecture, 'When will this bloody war finish?' But it's great to be with such chaps."

Driver Donald Archer in the Middle East to his wife at New Farm, Brisbane:

"WHAT I saw these German pilots do to these Greek villages has made me hate all Germans.

"One day Bill and I were passing through a village. We were hungry, so we stopped at a house. The woman was only too glad to give us something to eat. She also gave us a bottle of wine.

"I made friends with her baby daughter, three years old and a beautiful child. Her father was at the front.

"After spending an hour there we left. We had gone only half a mile when I saw 30 German dive-bombers flying over.

"They were flying towards this little town, but we never dreamed they would bomb it because there were only women and children there.

"Thirty dive-bombers attacked that town and didn't leave a thing standing.

"I watched horrified. Not satisfied with bombing the place, they machine-gunned it after.

"When the planes finished we drove back to what was left of the town. There was nothing left of the place where we had dinner.

"I searched among the ruins for the woman and her little girl. I found them both together, the mother dead and the child badly wounded.

"We drove to the hospital with her, but she died in my arms on the way."

Private Jack Mallen in Syria to his mother, Mrs. Dick Mallen, at Earlwood, N.S.W.:

"WE are having a spell after being in action for five days. We've had a pretty hard time, but all the boys stood up to it well.

"We were without food and water in the hot sun for three days, and we climbed 14 miles or more over the mountains.

"We were surrounded, but when our ammo was just about done we got out of it and had to march nine miles through enemy territory to our own lines.

"Now we are okay. I think we have just about got them beaten up here.

"Theo, my cobbler, has just cracked a joke about whistling machine-gun bullets. He reckons they sang the tune of 'Home Sweet Home' as they whistled by us."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



He took first steps towards peace in Syria



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. D. LAVARACK, officer commanding the A.I.F. in Syria. He was responsible for the initial step that led to the cessation of the Syrian campaign.



MRS. LAVARACK with her husband before his departure abroad. The historic message sent by General Lavarack to the Vichy commander in Syria said that "to both Frenchmen and Australians the idea of comrades fighting against one another is repellent and distasteful and a useless waste of good men." His act was a generous gesture.



THE FLAG COMES DOWN. Vichy soldiers present arms as the tricolor flutters down. A spirit of goodwill marked the armistice signing. When it was over an English aide said to the French officers: "Let's drink to better times."

Continuing . . . Road House Hostess from page 8

It happened, too, to be a rather dull moment as far as news was concerned. The papers were delighted with the sensational and dramatic advent of George Colbrand into their columns. They gave him space, and the benefit of their journalistic imaginations.

Leigh was busy the morning the news appeared for the first time. She had breakfast in bed. It was not until she came downstairs and the cook gave her notice and the two gardeners followed it up that she realised what was going to happen.

Her reaction was one hundred per cent Celtic. She was livid. Without one word of explanation she accepted the cook's and the two gardeners' notice, paid them and let them go.

"And," said she, standing in the kitchen, white-faced, blue eyes blazing, "anyone else who feels it incumbent upon themselves to go has my permission."

"Well, we don't want the bother of answering no questions, Miss," said the housemaid.

"What about?" said Leigh.

"Well, about the master."

The housemaid went.

It was inconceivable to hot-headed Leigh that anyone could possibly question her father's integrity, that they could for a moment confuse the charming upright gentleman with a scoundrel who was food for newspapers. She was emotionally up in arms and on the defensive.

At ten-thirty the manager of The Crescent Moon rang her up to demand whether she was cancelling her engagement for that night.

"Why should I?" said Leigh in a small frozen voice.

"I see no reason," he said. "As a matter of fact, I should have been very much in the soup if you were to back out, because I let Fannie Smith go to her father this morning and have no one for to-night."

He put the receiver down, white with excitement.

"She is coming," he muttered. "She's facing up! What a fool! Get the Evening Clarion. Get the Evening Recorder. Get the whole bunch of them! Get them to announce the appearance of George Colbrand's daughter in cabaret. Get them to send reporters down here. They can get her life story. We'll make this club. It will be packed. She's probably got some fantastic idea that she'll earn money as a cabaret singer and pay some of her father's debts. You never know what these fantastic young girls will do. Oh, it's a marvellous story. While the police of England hunt for George Colbrand, his young daughter makes her first appearance in cabaret! I wish we'd asked her for some photographs. We'd have given them to the reporters."

And at that very minute, in a country vestry in Rutlandshire, a reporter was picking up the information that George Colbrand actually had a daughter. It so happened that that daughter was at that moment in Nebraska, that she had been christened Gloria Franchette Colbrand. She was thirty years of age, and as unlike Leigh Colbrand as it is possible for two members of the same species to be. But she was a daughter.

Later, that same reporter cabled his news editor laconically.

"Daughter O.K., chief. Checked up on it."

That was enough. The paper got the scoop. It flared headlines that evening.

"Young daughter of hunted financial wizard seeks to retrieve family fortunes in cabaret."

It said where, and it said how.

One or two local people, kinder than the rest, rang Leigh Colbrand up and told her that she was being more or less advertised as the missing George Colbrand's daughter, and advised her not to appear in public that evening.

Leigh's response was icy.

"I never shelve my responsibilities."

She could have cabled her father. She could have done many things had she been less red hot with anger, less blinded mentally by the affront to her sense of decency, her outraged sense of fair play. That a community could conceive such a thing about her father seemed as

fantastic as her behaviour seemed to the community.

She dressed herself with the utmost care that night. In a blind fury she had driven her small car up to town to search for an emerald-green evening dress. She found it at one of the big dress designers. It had been an all-day pilgrimage to discover that frock, and at every corner posters on George Colbrand had met her furious young eyes.

She dressed with the utmost care and drove herself to The Crescent Moon. She was conducted to the little room where she had found Fannie Smith crying in the first place. A bottle of champagne and caviare sandwiches were waiting for her, also an intensely nervous, over-strung manager, full of beatings.

"It's extraordinarily fine of you to do this thing, Miss Colbrand."

"Why?" she said flatly and loudly. "Well, not everyone would have the courage."

He could say no more. He knew what publicity, carefully engineered, had done for her. She would have a posse of reporters and a packed room of sensation-mongers to face, out there.

With fingers that trembled with excitement and a certain amount of decent shame, he touched the green baize that covered her harp.

"Well, you are dolled up correctly for the show," he said awkwardly, jerkily.

"Dolled up," repeated Leigh in that small, frozen voice.

"Emerald-green," he said. "All Irish night."

The place was packed. They were there not to eat, but to see the offspring of the brightest and the off-addition to the Rogues' Gallery of the financial world.

LEIGH COLBRAND looked at the young man. He was in dinner jacket and black tie. His face was long and lean. It was set on a magnificent body, long and lean and rangy.

She saw that his feet and hands were those of a thoroughbred. The eyes were those of an intelligent and sympathetic observer of life. They were bright and blue and keen.

"This," said Leigh, "is the artist's room."

He looked round the untidy and rather shabby cubicle thus catalogued. A slight smile touched his lips.

"I know. That is why I came. You are Miss Colbrand?"

"Yes," said Leigh inflexibly.

How bright his eyes were, and how piercing . . .

"I wanted to tell you," said the tall young man. "My name is Tom Wharton. I am the chief reporter on one of the evening rags. They've got your father."

He was interested in her as he had never been in any other human being. Her complete immobility and her black-and-white young beauty got him. It was either grit of a supreme quality or it was complete callousness of an equally supreme quality. As a human manifestation he found it more absorbing than any he had encountered.

"The police," he said, as one who speaks to a deaf mute, mousing his words carefully, "have succeeded in arresting your father."

"Well," said Leigh, "fancy that!"

He thought: "This is high-flung courage of a brand new variety that defies analysis, or it is sheer brutality." His eyes narrowed.

"I thought you might not want to go on," he said, "because they—he jerked a thumb in the direction of the room behind him—"they know the news has come through. I thought you mightn't want to face up to the music."

"On the contrary, I shall be delighted to."

He said: "Look here, young lady. I'm not trying to get a story out of you. That isn't why I'm here. They haven't any sympathy for you, all those people out there. They are just consumed with curiosity to see how you take it. I see you take it magnificently, but do you want to give a public performance of how you take it? You'll do little service to your father if that's your object. They do not understand the subtleties of human feeling. They're sensation mongers. I know—I cater for 'em every day."

"What is your name?" she said.

"I told you," he said. "Tom Wharton. A journalist. They want to see how you react, whether you squirm," he said. "They aren't going to applaud your courage. They know nothing about courage. I wondered if you had any fantastic ideas of fighting your father's battle, turning a brave face to the world for his sake—any of those high falutin' ideas. If you have, I applaud you, but I want to tell you that it isn't a gesture that will be understood. If you are any good as an artist, and you want to build your own career on the sensational collapse of your father's career, well, you are going the right way to do it."

He paused and looked at her.

"I do not believe that of you. I believe you're some high falutin' notion that it is up to you. And I'm here to tell you that you'll hate and loathe it and you'll do something to yourself if you expose yourself to their indecent curiosity, their desire to poke and pry into your heart and soul. I serve the public and I know."

"Why do you serve the public if you are so bitter about it?"

"Because I have crazy ideas of one day writing a really big play. Of course, it's an idea that has been exploited before."

She said: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I've got a book of poems

He said: "Yes. I came here for a story, an exclusive story of your reactions to recent events. I wanted to get your feeling on the eve of singing in a cabaret for the first time as the daughter of one of the most notorious swindlers of modern times. Let's be blunt about it. I came in here to do that, then I saw your face and you sitting there in that green frock. You can't go out there. You are not that kind of person. You are submitting yourself to something that will harm you, that will disintegrate you as a human being. That is always wrong. We should always avoid those experiences that disintegrate us."

"You haven't."

"I was seeking for something," he said. "I'm not sure I haven't found it."

"And now you will go back to your paper?"

"Oh, no. No more than a child goes back to its toys once it has grown up. I came to warn you, that's all—to tell you what has happened."

She said: "That was generous of you."

He said: "The sight of you made me generous suddenly. I was not expecting to be. Look here, take my tip. Don't go out to that revolting mob unless you really are trying to build a career on a pile of quite temporary sensation. Nothing that is frantic headlines ever really lasts. You can't build on it more than momentarily."

"Don't go out there. Make a decent thing of your career. Take another name, and if you are any good you'll get away with it. If you carry on with this you'll be billed for a bet as George Colbrand's daughter. I suppose it will be a sensational case. There will be lots of revelations. But—when he disappears from the newspapers you'll disappear, too. That is, unless you really are an artist and can stand on your own merits. Then you can afford to avoid this vulgar and insensitive entry. If you are a sensitive artist it will do something to you that you cannot imagine until you have been through it. It will vulgarise you."

"How vulgarise me?"

He had an intensity she had never met in any other human being. A young fiery intensity. She saw that he had suffered acutely because of his temperament. She saw that he was still raw and sensitive.

"You can force yourself to do things," he said. "I've done it. You think it gives you a shell. So it does, and the shell thickens, and you can live under it, hiding yourself away from people; but, believe me, I swear to you that under that shell lovely things die because they have no air, no growing room; dreams and hopes and ideals and beliefs, too."

The door opened and the manager stood there. He knew about George Colbrand. His excitement was masked by an unnatural calm.

"Everything's ready, Miss Colbrand," he said. In the name as he said it—Colbrand—there was that little hint of extreme personal gratification at a sensational coup for his establishment.

"I am coming," said Leigh Colbrand.

She turned suddenly and held out her hand to the young man with the lean face.

"I do thank you," she said. "I do see your point."

He held her hand very tightly and warmly. There was something in the grip that was full of a desperate cameraderie, an utter sincerity. It shook her as no human contact had ever done, and yet it was devoid of the usual emotions that are affected between men and women.

"Nobody drives you but yourself," he said. "Will you remember that? Nobody puts the brake on you but yourself. May every kind of good luck go with you."

He must have made his way back to the room very quickly. She saw him at a table near the front when she went on the platform.

The manager of The Crescent Moon had managed to secure green balloons and strung them everywhere. Before her flinching eyes she saw a sea of this fantastic vegetation, dotted with curious faces. It was at once unreal and slightly unpleasant.

She sat down at her harp in her green frock and a little sigh of mob gratification swept through the crowd. She knew then that what the young man with the lean face had said was true. She was their prey, the sensation for which they were always seeking. Already she could hear them regaling their friends with the story . . .

"My dear, she looked as cool as a cucumber. She must be a chip of the old block. Never turned a hair. Like father, like daughter, I suppose."

Quite suddenly Leigh was afraid, terrified. She knew that Tom Wharton was right, that doing this sort of thing did deliver up something that was private and personal and growing in one's own soul. She would come out of this experience, even though she was not George Colbrand's daughter, with a new pleasure of humanity, a new conception of her fellow beings. An ugly one. She shut her eyes. There came back to her two verses of one of those poems of Tom Wharton's. She set them to music, to an old air, and began to sing them as a talisman against the crowd, a talisman against the shattering of dreams. The impact of disillusion on illusion. And, as she sang, she lifted her eyes and looked at Tom Wharton.

She felt an electric stir run round the room. Heads turned. They turned cautiously.

George Colbrand, Leigh's father, came quietly into the room. He had seen the news. A friend from London had telephoned him that the evening papers were announcing the appearance of the infamous George Colbrand's daughter, Leigh Colbrand, at the Crescent Moon. He couldn't disentangle the story, but he knew there had been some kind of fantastic mistake. He took a plane from Ireland. He drove to his house and, even more bewildered, he got from a weeping housemaid some muddled version of the story. He donned evening dress and made his appearance.

There was one empty seat in the entire place. It happened to be at Tom Wharton's table. George Colbrand sat down at it.

"I am George Colbrand, of Moat Farm," he said, "and that is my daughter singing over there. Can you give me some further explanation?"

"You are George Colbrand?" said Tom Wharton.

"No connection," said George Colbrand, "with my namesake."

"I," said Tom Wharton, "am a journalist. I was sent down to give a full report of your daughter's appearance in public to-night."

"Shall I get up and shriek to all these fools that I am not the other George Colbrand?"

"I shouldn't," said Tom Wharton quietly. "It will have penetrated even their thick skulls. Would you mind being quiet just one minute, sir? That's my song your daughter's singing."

Leigh looked at her father and smiled. She looked at the room and smiled. She looked at the young journalist and smiled radiantly.

"The words of my song," she said clearly, "the song I have just sung, were from the poem, 'Summer Afternoon,' by the well-known poet, Mr. Thomas Wharton."

"Now what," said George Colbrand, "was the meaning of that?"

"Ask me next week, sir," said Thomas Wharton, "and I think maybe I'll be able to tell you."

He smiled dizzily at the older man.

"Can you give me a moment's coherent attention?" said George Colbrand.

"No, sir, not at the moment," said the young journalist. "There is a third verse and, by gum, she remembers it!"

(Copyright)



A TRIM SAILOR which teams navy grosgrain and white straw—a grosgrain crown and a straw brim trimmed with multi-colored bands of grosgrain ribbons. Designed by Candor.

by you. Of course I have. You haven't written poems for a long time."

His face altered, the lean, strange face. She saw that it was capable of an intensity of feeling that was tragic.

"I was a callow youngster then," he said. "I thought that life was beautiful and the people in it were grand. Then I woke up one day and knew I didn't know anything. I knew I had to get down to it, whatever it was, with a scalpel and with gloves off, so I joined a newspaper as the best way of coming down to things. I came right down. I haven't climbed up yet."

She said: "Your poetry was lovely."

"It was pretty," he said, "but it was muck. Stars, photographed by someone who was afraid of the mud. All sunlight by someone who was scared stiff of shadows and darkness. It was all escape stuff. I was trying to escape from life. The moment I realised that I went into life by the first door that presented itself."

"You don't like your job?"

"Yes, I do in a way. Oddly enough, it is giving me a new conception of beauty. Sometimes it outrages my personal sense of decency, and what's that? To preserve your own personal ideas or pretty fantasies at the expense of truth and reality isn't much good to anybody."

"But you are here, I gather, to preserve something for me?"



MOPSY —The Cheery Redhead.



GADY PARKER

"You're the most disagreeable person I know; every time I want to talk about a friend, you stick up for her!"

"My wife is learning to play the piano and my son to play the violin."
"What are you learning?"
"To suffer in silence."

GOLFER (who has just gone round in 112): Well, how do you like my game?
CADDIE: I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf.



SERGEANT (to recruit during route march): What's the idea? Sitting this out?

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"HOW'S business, Smith?"
"Well, if it gets any worse, my last income tax returns will be just right."

"MUM, do you know how to get at the cubic contents of a barrel?"
"No, ask your father."

"THERE wasn't a very big account of your daughter's wedding in this morning's paper!"
"No; the big account was sent to me."

"HELLO, Mrs. Brown! Mother's out!" Billy greeted the caller.
"That's too bad," replied Mrs. Brown. "I wanted her to lend me some sugar."

"Hi, Mum," called out Billy. "did you mean you were out of sugar?"

DAD and Harry, the new farm-hand, were watching the darkening sky. A few drops of rain fell and Dad's face broke into a grin, and Harry, to show his appreciation, started to dance.

"Come under this tree, you blithering fool," roared Dad.

"But I don't mind a few drops of rain," answered the hand.

"Who said anything about you?" bellowed Dad. "I want every bit of the rain to fall on my crop!"

A RATION OF FUN



"Last night when I arrived home my wife had my chair drawn up before the fire, my slippers ready for me to put on, my pipe filled and—"
"How did you like her new dress?"

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Best by Test for the Chest

CHEMISTS—STORES DON'T KEEP HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE—THEY SELL IT!!

EVERYWHERE
2/6 AND 4/6



MAKES YOU STRONG AGAIN

Ovaltine is made of fresh full-cream milk, new laid eggs and rich barley malt. You need the carbohydrates, proteins, and fats it contains. Growing children, invalids, and convalescents especially need them. Ovaltine contains maltose—quick supplier of energy. Phosphorus—to build bone and nerve. Calcium—to build bone and muscular tone and thicken thin blood. Iron, potassium, magnesium, sodium, sulphur—mineral salts without which no one can be healthy. Vitamins—to promote growth, sound teeth, good digestion, and protect against rickets, influenza and colds.



If your digestion is enfeebled by illness, Ovaltine is very good for you.

At such a time your digestion is weak but your need of nourishment is great.

You need a food to give you vitality, and set up your vigour. But it must be a gentle food which you can digest very easily. Delicious Ovaltine, made of full-cream fresh milk, malt, and new laid eggs, gives you every food you need for stiffening your nerves, feeding your brain, giving you strength and putting back the energy you have lost. And yet Ovaltine can be absorbed by the weakest digestion and make you well again.

HOT OR COLD ★

OVALTINE

is Food and Drink to you

At all chemists and stores—1/9, 2/10, 5/-

C18-41

Edited by MRS. MARY HOLIDAY

(the famous English washing authority)

As part of a policy of service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment. They also cordially invite you to write to the editor (Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 779 H. Melbourne), if you have any problem connected with washing. She will reply personally by mail or through this page.

A SKIRT WITH A



TAKES VERY CAREFUL WASHING

It's graceful and feminine and so very attractive, worn with gay little jumpers, but a flared or circular skirt is temperamental in the tub. It must have quick, careful washing to preserve its delightful fullness.

FIRST TAKE ITS MEASUREMENTS

Before even starting to wash, place a sheet of paper on the table and lay the skirt on it—doubled, and spread out to its fullest extent; outline the shape with a pencil.

Then wash the skirt in Persil—according to the material which it's made. (For anything that needs special handling, Persil is safest, because its oxygen-charged suds are quick but very gentle.)

DRYING: Never hang a flared or circular skirt. Instead, turn wrong side out, place a towel inside and spread over the marked paper. Stretch gently till it extends a little beyond the pencilled outline. Dry flat.

If the skirt shows a tendency to contract as it dries, gently pull it back to original size and pin in position. (You may need to pin it every inch or so if the skirt is a knitted one.)

PRESSING: All woollens should feel

dry to the touch before ironing. Press on the wrong side, using a damp muslin cloth between the material and your warm iron. On no account must woollens steam.

FULL DETAILS ON HOW TO IRON SKIRTS

If you have a skirt of any material that is difficult to handle and would like to know how to keep it in good condition, write to Mrs. Holiday for her free leaflet, P.L. It tells you all the things you need to know about ironing.



A STITCH IN TIME

THIS article really ought to be dedicated to the small girl who inadvertently turned the conversation towards the subject of "mending" last Sunday, by appearing with a large triangular tear in her frock!

"Oh, Jane dear, why do you do that so often?" pleaded her mother. "I'll never be able to mend it so that the tear won't show!"

"Oh, I don't think it's as bad as that," I commented, "but of course you'll have to see to it before it's washed." I wonder if everyone realises the importance of mending even the smallest tear before putting clothes into the wash. Even if you haven't time to do a perfect job, at least draw the threads together. Not only does the weight of the water tend to increase the size of the hole, but the threads themselves become disarranged. And, of course, with a delicate article, it's all the more important to take care in the wash itself by avoiding rubbing it. (As I've said before, there's rarely any need for rubbing when you use Persil.)

But to get back to the subject of mending. Here are a few general hints

which I hope you'll find useful.

LINGERIE: When lace trimmings on undies or nighties become torn, tuck a piece of net on to the WRONG side of the garment. Follow the original design as closely as possible and do your repair actually on to the net. When finished, cut away the surplus.

If you're darning lacey woollen underwear, try to reproduce the original design as far as possible. (You'll find it much easier if you first hold the fabric in place by tacking it on a piece of paper and darning over it.)



by cable stitching down the threads.

KNITWEAR:

When silverfish or moths get into a woollen jumper, the hole can be repaired almost invisibly by running darning stitches the length of the hole, then



AND LIKE IT!

Your family and/or your sweetheart have wheeled you into having your photograph taken—and you're scared to death! But we say it's fun to be photographed, and back up our avowal with a half-dozen tips that are bound to bring happy results.

Before making your appointment, wait for the day which you feel in your bones is one of your "good" days. This feeling in itself goes a long way—gives you "camera confidence."

Keep your hair style simple and pretty rather than smart. (Some day your pompadour will be as fashionable as a figleaf.) The same goes for headgear. Eschew hats if you don't want to raise a big laugh 5 years from now. Flowers and jewels, too, are somewhat risky (remember the grapes and the tortoiseshell hair slides of 1930?).

Fashions in features are likely to change, too, so your make-up should be simple—the lip and eyebrow line followed more or less as nature decided.

Don't go for full-length photographs unless you're pencil slim. Even then, swish your hips round to 2 view. (Cameras have an uncomfortable habit of broadening you.) Flatten in your tummy with deep breaths—keeping shoulder straight and bosom high.

Above all, don't regard your photographer with the same awe and reverence as you would your dentist. He's really as harmless as the dicky bird in the camera.

5/-

FOR WASHDAY HINTS

Owing to pressure of space, we regret that it is no longer possible to include readers' hints. BUT THE OFFER STILL STANDS. Post your washday tip to Mrs. Holiday—5/- will be awarded, as usual, to the sender of the most useful and original hints.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.111.7WW

A FORTNIGHTLY FEATURE

ADVERTISEMENT

Over the garden fence

DO YOU MAKE THESE MISTAKES IN ENGLISH?



Most of us are guilty at some time or other. But can you recognise your error? Here are eight common offenders. Can you tell wrong from right?

1. Of the two plays, I think Hamlet the least interesting.
2. If I was in your shoes, I'd make him an offer.
3. This argument is between him and me and has nothing to do with you.
4. Providing you use 1 heaped tablespoonful of Persil to every gallon of water you'll always be proud of your wash.

5. I can't hardly wait till Father comes home.
6. None of them wants to go to town.
7. Who do you wish to see?
8. He likes to always pay the bill personally.

ANSWERS

1. Of the two plays, I think Hamlet the LESS interesting.
2. If I WERE in your shoes, I'd make him an offer.
3. RIGHT. PROVING you use 1 heaped tablespoonful of Persil to every gallon of water you'll always be proud of your wash.
4. CAN hardly wait till FATHER comes home.
5. RIGHT. WHOM do you wish to see?
6. HE ALWAYS LIKES to pay the bill personally.



FRANK HARVEY as Louis XV in 2GB's daytime serial, "Marie Antoinette."

DAYTIME RADIO for the HOUSEWIFE

Women listeners are now being particularly well catered for during the day.

Within a few weeks 2GB has added five new features to its programme.

ONE of these is an historical serial; another a session offering prizes to the housewife for knowledge of kitchen lore; a third mingles philosophy with music; the fourth is a musical session with a novel competition; and the fifth a romantic serial.

The historical serial is a dramatisation of the life story of Marie Antoinette, and is broadcast from 2GB as the 10 o'clock "On the Hour" feature.

Playing the title role is Queenie Ashton, while Frank Harvey portrays Louis XV, who gave voice to the prophecy that "the State will last my time, after me the deluge." Harvey Adams fills the role of his son Louis XVI, while the supporting cast includes Rita Paucofort.

"Kitchen Kontroversies," broadcast every Thursday at 12.30, offers listeners prizes of 5/- each for the best questions and answers dealing with kitchen lore. In addition there is a 5/- prize for the week's best recipe.

Money in errors

BELIEVING that the housewife can find time for the deeper things of life, 2GB is presenting "Secrets of Happiness" every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 11.15 a.m. In this session wide-range music is mingled with thoughts from the great writers.

"Find the Error," another of the new features, is a musical session in which prizes are offered to those who can detect the errors which the announcer makes intentionally, but cunningly attempts to conceal. This feature is broadcast every Wednesday and Friday at 10.45 a.m.

The romantic serial "Royal Adventure" is broadcast every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at noon as an "On the Hour" week-end feature. This is an innovation in broadcasting and it is felt that having attracted the interest of the Friday listener it will be possible to retain it during the week-end.

"Royal Adventure" is the story of a duel in Budapest, and of the many adventures that followed it. The war of 1914-18 provides a background to the story.

Arundel Nixon plays the handsome, adventurous Baron Karl Taranska, while Katrin Rosselle is cast as the beautiful Austrian refugee who, as a war nurse in France, wins the admiration of the Allies, and when the bells of London ring out for the armistice finds happiness with the man she loves.

Exclusive

MARY HOLIDAY

PATTERN SERVICE



Pattern "W" 34" in size 36, 38, 40 and 42 (ex. Set in size 38 takes 4 yds. 36-in. material and 3 1/2 yds. lace trimming.

Slimming Undies for the not-so-slim

Even a beginner can follow this easy-to-make Mary Holiday pattern, which includes an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain this beautiful overseas pattern, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 5/- in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.), to "PATTERNS," P.O. Box 495H, Melbourne. (Pattern can be obtained only by post, and from this address. Don't forget to send full name and address, state clearly size required and ask for Pattern "W" 34.)

Tom's mother thought her linens were white



till Jean came to stay in a Persil-washed nightie

Once you see that spanking Persil whiteness all other whites look grey and sullen. And the simple reason why Persil washes whiter is because it washes cleaner. Its millions of energetic oxygen-charged suds ferret out the ironed-in grime and sweep it clean away.

Yet for all its thoroughness, Persil is gentle as can be. Your coloured prints, baby's shawl, your silks and artificial silks—they're all washed SAFEST in Persil.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

The Movie World

July 26, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

19



• Redheads Mary Martin (seen here) and Lana Turner have now become moonlight-blondes.



• Veronica Lake is being named as the new exponent of screen allure—straight, fair hair and all.

NEW BOOM IN BLONDES

GIRLS COPY BETTY GRABLE
INSTEAD OF HEDY LAMARR

From
BARBARA
BOURCHIER
in
Hollywood



• To-day she is one of the lucky ones. The coloring of Mary Beth Hughes, 20th Century-Fox actress, is natural. With Betty Grable, Mary Beth is said to be responsible for making fair beauty fashionable again. Her studio is grooming Mary as the spectacular type of glamor-girl. Her next picture will be "The Cowboy and the Blonde," with brawny newcomer George Montgomery in the cowboy role.

BLONDES are back in the spotlight again. This time last year most of the younger players were dyeing their locks the inky hue of Hedy Lamarr's, but the pendulum has swung back again and the blondest blondes are the girls most in demand.

Every studio has its quota of fair-haired beauties. They are the new season's real glamor-girls.

At Twentieth Century-Fox the girls in "Miami" point out that there is not a brunette among them.

Betty Grable, Carole Landis, the social Cobina Wright, and even plain Jane comedienne Charlotte Greenwood all have fair hair.

The dazzling high-stepper, Betty Grable, has done more than her share in bringing the blonde back into vogue.

Every student actress keeps her eye on Betty, slavishly copies her beseequined gowns and her hair-do's. Her screen roles are getting bigger and better.

The slim, sophisticated, twice-divorced Carole Landis has a brand-new contract with Fox, which means this girl is going places.

This year she is even toying with a stage debut.

She's been offered the star role in the Broadway production, "Blondes Are No Headache."

Mary Beth Hughes, with her creamy skin and very light hair (as a child she was called a towhead), is moving up among the big-time stars.

Think of all the latest arrivals at the major studios. Blondes are well up on the list.

Tiny Paramount sensation Veronica Lake, who makes her debut in "I Wanted Wings," has natural platinum-hued tresses.

Many of the established stars are even dipping into the peroxide.

Auburn-haired Mary Martin has gone blonde for "Kiss the Boys Good-bye" and "New York Town."

Natural redhead Lana Turner is another. Her new light curls and elaborately Edwardian hair-do are causing something of a sensation in local night spots.

Even MGM studio made Bill Powell's brunette wife, Diana Lewis, bleach her hair for the role of a pert Victorian miss in Jeanette MacDonald's "Bitter Sweet." But this gesture had an amusing sequel. At a distance of more than 10 feet, the blonde Diana looked the double of Jeanette. So she was promptly ordered to re-dye her curls their own color.

But things like this don't discourage the girls. Only the other day, Hedy Lamarr herself was seen wistfully trying on blonde wigs—just in case!

To keep you
lovely longer

To lovely lips that smile bravely through these troubled times, Colourfast Lipstick gives glowing richness of colour with shades that have been created specially for harmony with to-day's fashions. The very name—

Colourfast—tells you how indelible this famous Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick is.

It goes on so smoothly and evenly and your mirror reflects the smooth, satiny finish that makes the curve of your lips irresistible. Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick, in its delightful green and silver container, is

2/6

For every shade in Colourfast Lipstick, there is Rouge to match. Give your cheeks a youthful glow with rouge at 2/-

In addition to the glorious Orchid Red shown above Colourfast offers the new exotic Royal Red, Signal Red and Dark Cyclamen to create make-up harmony with the latest fashion shades.

Cashmere Bouquet

Colourfast LIPstick

Silk-sifted for airy fineness, Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder suits every type of skin and gives a lovely mat finish without blanketing the natural skin texture. Choose a shade to give your skin a warm glow from these very smart fashion shades—Pêche, Sungold, Hawaiian Tan. In three sizes—Large 2/8d.—Regular 1/7d., and the handy Pursette 1/-.

WALT DISNEY does his bit



● One of Disney's most amusing cartoons is this "laughing jackass" (donkey to you) drawn for the 98th Field Artillery, Fort Lewis.



● This fearsome bulldog, typifying fighting tenacity and complete with flying goggles, is impression of the 62nd Pursuit Squadron.



● Disney artists now assigned to military emblems are 18-stone pagman and story editor Roy Williams and draftsman Hank Porter.



● Designed for Jacksonville Air Station, this flying squirrel has all the charm of a film character.



● Butch, a falcon, is painted on planes of the 23rd Pursuit Squadron.



● Americans flying for the R.A.F. in their own Eagle Squadron were sent this insignia.



● A jaunty pelican and a business-like fly aiming a machine-gun represent the 27th Pursuit Squadron. Disney is already supplying 700 of these emblems.



● Mosquito riding a torpedo is painted on the U.S. Navy's fast motor torpedo-boats.



● This joyous creation is Brenda, a balancing seal, new mascot of the Alaska Defence Force.



● Known as Dusty, this creature was drawn for the 43th Air Base Squadron—wings and all!

Designs emblems for tanks, bombers, ships

A FEW months ago Walt Disney, in Hollywood, received a surprising personal letter from the U.S. Naval Operations Office in Washington, D.C.

Would Mr. Disney be so kind as to design an appropriate emblem for the Navy's new "mosquito fleet" of torpedo-boats?

Mr. Disney was prompt. A few days later Lieutenant E. C. Caldwell, who had made the request, received a circular emblem in which a little mosquito streaked through the ocean.

The report of Disney's swift and generous gesture got around in the Army and the Navy. And the Disney office began to be bombarded by letters from tanks, mincweepers, bombers, and fighting planes. Could he design insignia for them, too?

A rather startled but delighted cartoonist found himself with ever-increasing work for the forces on his hands.

Two of his artists are now working full time on the job of turning out Army and Navy insignia. As in his film cartoons, Disney himself gives every design his active supervision.

Comments the American magazine, "Life" . . . "It is clear that Disney and his artists have created a whole new system of heraldry."

In Britain, however, the actual College of Heralds has been called in to suggest an emblem for the fighting forces.

Squadron-Leader R. W. Bungay, of South Australia, who leads the newly-formed Australian squadron of Spitfires in the R.A.F., had proposed it carry a special insignia of the Southern Cross over a kangaroo, enclosed in a circle. The College of Heralds added to this emblem a rose, symbolising England.

Australia's kangaroo will thus fly Europe's skies in company with Disney's boxing-gloved eagle—designed for the Americans in the Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F.



1 CAREER OF CHARLES FOSTER KANE (Orson Welles), one of the five wealthiest men in America, is launched when he takes charge of a small newspaper, and earns the popular nickname of "Citizen Kane."



2 INSENSATELY AMBITIOUS, Kane embarks upon activities ranging from business to travel, until his social life culminates in his marriage to the then President's niece (Ruth Warwick) in a blaze of publicity.

HEDY LAMARR

M.G.M. STAR



Alluringly

beautiful Hedy Lamarr, M.G.M. Star knows the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick which make her one of the outstanding beauties of the Screen. Max Factor ★ Hollywood has advised Miss Lamarr and now women throughout the world are taking advantage of this free offer. You, too can become more radiant, more charming and more attractive by using the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick made especially for your individual type.

Fill in Coupon below and receive your own personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart from Max Factor ★ Hollywood.

Max Factor
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:
Fred C. James and
Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd.
Box 3962V, G.P.O., Sydney.

Fill in Name, Address, and City, State, and Country, and send to Max Factor, Hollywood, California, U.S.A. for a personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart. **FREE**

NAME	Address	City	State	Country



4 GOVERNORSHIP of his State is within reach when his marriage is ended by an anonymous letter to his wife.

5 KANE'S political rival (Ray Collins), who sent the letter, launches a public scandal against him.



6 DISGRACED, Kane weds the singer, and retires to a fantastic castle life.

Introducing CITIZEN KANE



3 POWER, however, is still Kane's goal, and, drifting apart from his wife, he is absorbed only in business until he meets a mediocre young New York singer (Dorothy Comingore), with whom he becomes deeply involved.

Orson Welles' first film

ORSON WELLES, 24-year-old theatre and radio figure, brought from New York by RKO, wrote, produced, directed, and stars in "Citizen Kane." He also chose his own cast from among his Mercury Theatre associates. Stated to be as original as the prodigious Orson himself, the film has aroused the fury of the well-known publisher, William Randolph Hearst, who, claiming "Citizen Kane" a personal libel, held up its United States release.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ LOVE CRAZY

(Week's Best Release)

Myrna Loy, William Powell, (MGM.)

WILLIAM POWELL and Myrna Loy romp through another frothy marital farce that is a happy successor to their previous amusing efforts.

A blissfully happy married couple, Bill and Myrna are about to celebrate their fourth anniversary when domineering mother-in-law (Florence Bates) walks in. She sends him off on an errand when he meets his former girl-friend (Gail Patrick). Myrna hears about it, starts divorce proceedings.

To bring about a reconciliation, the anguished Bill pretends he's crazy, and then finds it extraordinarily difficult to prove himself sane. These escapades make hilarious fun—one episode when a lift is jammed between floors is a gem. The dialogue is always smart and sophisticated.

The stars are in their gayest mood. Outstanding performances are given by Jack Carson, as the archery champion whom Myrna woos to make her apparently errant husband jealous, and by Gail Patrick, intriguing as the siren.—St. James; showing.

★★★ BUCK PRIVATES

Lee Bowman, Jane Frazee. (Universal.)

THIS is a light-hearted and flimsy yarn that makes little attempt to be serious or even credible, but gives an amusingly crazy close-up of life in Uncle Sam's army.

The introduction of the grand radio team, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, with their broad slapstick comedy and hilarious gags would be enough to make this picture a winner, even without the melodious Andrews sisters swinging in their best style.

The film deals with a group of young Americans getting their first taste of army life, with rich playboy Lee Bowman and former chauffeur Alan Curtis vying for the favor of the charming camp hostess, Jane Frazee.

This show is a tonic for the blues, for the pace is rollicking and zestful, the comedy spontaneous, and there are plenty of catchy new tunes, including "You're a Lucky Fellow, Mr. Smith."—Embassy; showing.

★ ROAD SHOW

Adolphe Menjou, Carole Landis. (United Artists.)

THERE'S a good idea in this Hal Roach comedy, even if it's executed in a slap-dash fashion. The film has plenty of laughs—but some dreary moments as well.

The story makes John Hubbard an eccentric young millionaire, who, to escape marriage with a fortune-hunter, pretends he's crazy. In the asylum he teams up with one of the inmates (Adolphe Menjou), the pair escape, and find a haven in a broken-down carnival owned by Carole Landis.

Hubbard stays as roustabout, later on as lion-tamer—to be near Carole.

Menjou as the honest-to-goodness but harmless lunatic really seems to enjoy his role. Patsy Kelly is fairly amusing. While not looking as beautiful as usual, Carole Landis does a competent job.—Plaza; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ IN OLD COLORADO

William Boyd, Russell Hayden. (Paramount.)

WILLIAM BOYD'S latest Hopalong Cassidy film has all the riding and shooting thrills that a Western fan could wish for.

It's the story of a feud between ranchers over watering land for cattle. But the introduction of bandits, hovering in the hills, while awaiting their opportunity to step in and grab the land from both quarrelling parties, gives a new twist to the plot.

Boyd, Russell Hayden, and Andy Clyde, as the trio who thwart this little scheme, give their familiar, well-loved portrayals.

The outdoor backgrounds, as usual in films of this series, are delightful.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ REACHING FOR THE SUN

Joel McCrea, Ellen Drew. (Paramount.)

WHEN a young man from the great open spaces comes to town and marries a city girl there's likely to be trouble. This is the theme of this rather long-drawn-out drama, in which Ellen Drew is the wife determined to stay in the city and Joel McCrea is the young backwoodsman yearning to return to the home pastures.

While McCrea and Ellen give satisfactory performances, they are overshadowed by the light-hearted portrayal of Eddie Bracken as McCrea's amusing friend. A battle between Albert Dekker, the rather heavy villain of the piece, and McCrea, on the giant factory machines, is rather spectacular.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful comedy. Liberty, 15th week.

★★★ I Wanted Wings. Ray Milland, William Holden in spectacular aviation drama. Prince Edward, 3rd week.

★★ That Uncertain Feeling. Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas in frothy comedy. Mayfair, 4th week.

★★ Sis Hopkins. Judy Canova, Bob Crosby in bright musical. State, 3rd week.

★★ Strawberry Blonde. James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland in quaintly refreshing gay 'nineties comedy. Regent, 2nd week.

★★ The Great Lie. Bette Davis, George Brent in strongly appealing woman's drama. Century, 2nd week.

★ Call a Cop. George Formby, Dorothy Hyson in only fair farce. Lyceum, 3rd week.



HAPPY MOMENT on the set of the MGM musical, "Lady Be Good," when Robert Taylor (left) dropped in on Eleanor Powell and Red Skelton, who are appearing in the film.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

GRACIE FIELDS is back in England after just over a year's absence in America. Husband Monty Banks stayed behind. "I'm going to sing for the fighting men, the munitions-workers, the air-raid shelterers—in fact, sing for everybody," said Gracie.

"I'm not going home to argue with people who have criticised me. I have been doing my bit for Britain. It speaks for itself.

"It was my husband who sent me home. I had a whole fresh circuit of war charity concerts waiting in America and Canada, but he said I should go home and sing among my own people."

Gracie has raised more than £15,000 for British war charities in America and Canada. She will return to the States after five weeks in Britain.

IN "Blood and Sand," John Carradine, as a bullfighter, had to eat hard-boiled eggs whole. The studio supplied him with real eggs, but they whittled them down so that they were small enough for him to swallow at a gulp.

MARTHA RAYE did a dance for a British war benefit with her hands bandaged to the elbows. She got caught in a fan propeller on the set of "Navy Blues," but refused to cancel her performance because of her injuries.

ROSALIND RUSSELL is teaching Clark Gable to waltz, and having a hard time of it, for scenes in "Unholy Partners" (formerly "The Uniform").

FAMOUS collectors of sentimental objects are Eleanor Powell, Joan Crawford, and Ann Rutherford. Eleanor collects all her dancing shoes, Joan saves hair ribbons and hair clips, Ann saves the pins which come with her escorts' flowers on special dates.

HANS JARAY, who plays an important part in Merle Oberon's latest, "Illusions," may be a stranger to Hollywood, but his European film, "Unfinished Symphony," paved the way to a warm welcome for him.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND will play the secretary in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Cary Grant is starred.

TWO English writers have been put under contract by Edward Small Productions. Because both are on call for war service they will have to remain in London. Miles Malleon, who worked on "Sixty Glorious Years," will do the script for "Clementina," while Ian Dalrymple, who worked on "The Thief of Bagdad," will do a story of an American stunt flier in the R.A.F. called "Wheels to the Sky."

VIVACIOUS, sparkling Leatrice Joy Gilbert, the daughter of Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert, is stunning and beautiful and excellent film material. But, says Leatrice, she is not interested in movies.



A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.



Get quick and safe relief from the maddening, burning itch of chilblains with IODEX—iodine in its ideal form. It does not irritate, blister, harden or stain the skin, and is equally effective for broken or unbroken chilblains.

PRICE 2/1 from all chemists

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

DON'T GO ON SUFFERING...

...with a STUFFED-UP NOSE

due to a nose-cold, catarrh, sinus trouble, etc.

TRY THE NEW WAY TO QUICK NOSE COMFORT

Tilt back your head. Up each nostril put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-nol. No fuss. No bother. Takes only 10 seconds. But, oh, what relief it brings!

YOU B-R-E-A-T-H-E AGAIN!

You feel that tingling medication cool away hot, dry irritation... shrink the swelling inside your nose... clear away mucus. You breathe... long, cool, delightful breaths!

Keep Vapo-nol handy. AT NIGHT, a few drops keep breathing clear, so you can sleep. SINUS PAIN is caused by Vapo-nol, which helps to keep sinuses drained. PREVENT COLDS by using a few drops of Vapo-nol at the first sneeze. More people use Vapo-nol than any other preparation of its kind.

Prepared and guaranteed by the makers of Vicks VapoRub

VICKS VAPOROL

'NUGGET'

makes the

SHINE

and the

SHOES

LAST LONGER

There's greater permanence in Nugget's brilliant shine! ... There's protection for leather in its extra "body" ... And every tin lasts longer. There is only one Nugget—see that you get it.

"MAY I introduce Elspeth?" he said. "I hope you're going to be very good friends."

Susan forced herself to turn round to have a better look at the elephant, and Elspeth returned the stare with red-eyed concentration. Susan's brow was furrowed in a way that puzzled Tony, and there was a haughty lift to her head. Elspeth's trunk, he noticed, was curled at the end. There was something in all this he didn't understand.

"Well, darling," he said, "there's your present."

Susan didn't move her eyes. "That?" she almost shrieked.

"What do you mean—that?" he demanded. "You're keen on animals and Elspeth's as good as an elephant as you're likely to find."

"Really!" Susan said. "She looks very old to me."

"A little over ten years. I have it on the best authority."

"Rubbish. Look how frowzy she is. Young elephants don't have that muddy color."

Elspeth had obviously been listening to all this, and by the time Susan had finished she was glancing longingly at the tub of water, which was just too far away. She held out her trunk to Tony, who let her rub his palm.

"She really is most affectionate," he told Susan. "You'll find she'll grow on you."

"I see she has certainly grown on you," she said acidly. "You are not half ready to come out to lunch."

"It won't take me long. You stay with Elspeth. Now that she's yours you'll want to get to know each other."

Susan turned her back on the elephant and faced Tony. There was a ripple of color in each cheek and her eyes were glassy. "She isn't mine," she said, "and she isn't going to be. If you think I'm going to look after that heavyweight you're very much mistaken. Keep her yourself as you are so crazy about her—and she about you!"

"But, darling—"

"But nothing! Must we stand here discussing that lop-eared nightmare, or are you going to take me out to lunch?"

Tony felt as if he'd accidentally stuck his fingers into an electric current. He'd never seen Susan so angry before; she was furious, speechless with rage. He started to hurry along the path back to the house.

"I'll be ready in ten minutes, darling."

But he hadn't reckoned on Elspeth, either. As he took his first step she flung her trunk up and trumpeted shrilly, jerking the chain so hard that he thought she would tear down the tree. She bellowed again and again, and Tony was cer-

tain she could be heard the other side of the town.

"I'm sorry, Susan," he said. "She'll keep this up all the afternoon. I don't know what to do—"

"Shoot her."

He shook his head sadly. "It hurts me to hear you say that, Susan, especially after what you told me about liking animals. They are man's best friends, you know." He glanced back at Elspeth, who was watching them narrowly. "Listen, Susan, couldn't we stay here for lunch? I expect they could fix us up with something—"

"You can enjoy your lunch alone with Elspeth," she said. "I'm going down to the club to meet the crowd, so don't bother to worry about me. I can easily look after myself."

"Don't you understand, my pet? If I leave now there'll be a wild elephant banging around the countryside." But Susan had dashed towards the house without another word. Tony started to follow her, but Elspeth let out a blast that froze him where he stood. A moment later he heard the garden gate bang as Susan let herself out. He walked back to Elspeth and she murmured softly, but he paid no attention. His birthday present seemed to be a failure all round.

Perhaps Elspeth could sleep and he could creep away. Why didn't he know more about elephants? Perhaps they didn't sleep at all, and he would have to remain there all night. It was getting past a joke.

Lighting a cigarette as it was beginning to get dark he heard footsteps on the gravel path. Thinking it might be Susan he called out. A voice answered and he recognised the clipped words of Sanders, who had been one of the gardeners at the Dixons' for many years. He was about Tony's own age and they had been good friends.

"Thought I'd come over and see how you are getting on, Mr. Tony," he said. "I was told you were having a little bother."

"Thank you, Sanders. I've bought an elephant and did not know they were so fond of me."

"They're very faithful, I've always heard."

"I'm in a mess, Sanders, a large elephantine mess. And I've only got forty-eight hours' more leave. Something must be done, and done quickly."

"Can I help, Mr. Tony?"

"Yes, sell or give Elspeth away for me to-morrow morning. My whole happiness depends on it."

"You're willing to give her away?"

Continued from page 7

Tony nodded. Sanders thought for a moment and said slowly:

"You remember the old fun fair outfit that used to be popular near the pier before the war. They always had a small circus every summer. Old Hawkins is still there, and might be interested. He's still got a few animals. I'll go down and see him first thing in the morning."

Tony was up with the lark next morning and was dressed when the maid told him that Sanders was asking for him. Almost choking with anxiety he went out. It was still darkish and Elspeth was quiet.

"He can't buy her, Mr. Tony, but he is willing to take her off your hands and get in touch with the people he's sold his own animals to. Taking them away this week. Only thing is we've got to take her down ourselves. He's got nobody he can send up."

Tony wanted to be rid of her as quickly as possible and the only thing was to walk her through the town. It shouldn't be very difficult if a little unusual. Sanders promised to help.

THEY kept to the quiet lanes until they reached the edge of the town, when he had to use the main road, as that was the only way to get to the old fair ground. He was resigned to the crowd of youngsters who soon followed at their heels.

Everything went fine until they reached the square, where the traffic, in spite of the petrol restriction, was quite heavy. The policeman on duty was surprised to see Elspeth coming towards him, then annoyed when she ignored the red lights. Tony hoped the man would have sufficient sense to hold up the traffic until they were safely across, but the policeman was young and knew his duty.

"Have you a permit to lead that elephant in the main street?"

"Permit?" said Tony, feeling a little nervous.

"Yes, permit."

"I'm afraid not. But if you will allow me to deliver Elspeth I will call round at the police station and see the inspector."

A fair-sized crowd had gathered. The morning shoppers were glad of a break in the monotony. Tony glanced at Elspeth, but she was taking the delay philosophically. She was standing near a water trough, and was passing the time by drawing the end of her trunk through the water and watching the ripples.

The policeman, meanwhile, was biting the end of his pencil, evidently at a loss how to frame the charge. Tony was about to comment when he saw a movement at the edge of the crowd and Susan pushed through. She'd been down in the town, shopping.

"Hello, Susan," he said. "I'm still in trouble, you see."

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—Australian history was made this year when, for the first time EVER, our three fighting services co-operated in action together. This occurred during operations in—
Libya — Syria — Abyssinia — Crete — Greece.
- 2—"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime." Longfellow, of course, but from which of his poems?
"The Day is Done" — "Excelsior" — "The Village Blacksmith" — "A Psalm of Life" — "The Golden Legend."
- 3—Having decided to include a composite in your menu, you proceed to make—
Thick soup — a kind of blanc-mange — a preparation of fruit — a vegetable jelly.
- 4—Yes, the ostrich is the world's largest bird, but can our emu lay claim to being the second largest?
Yes — no.
- 5—Talking of birds, that ever-popular number, "A Brown Bird Singing," was composed by—
Edward German — Eric Coates — Amy Woodforde Finden — Haydn Wood.
- 6—Much water has run under the bridge since the signing, in June last year, of the armistice between France and Germany. For France it was signed by—
M. Laval — Admiral Darlan — General Huntzinger — General Weygand — Marshal Petain.
- 7—And who signed it for Germany?
Ribbentrop — Goering — Hess — Hitler — General Kettel.
- 8—The penny dates a long way back in British history. In fact, it was first introduced in England—
In the 8th century — in the reign of Edward I — by William the Conqueror.
- 9—Now just pick out the longest of these rivers.
Ganges — Zambezi — St. Lawrence — Volga — Danube.

Answers on page 28



LILLY DACHE'S pert new aviation cap made of navy-blue cashmere with red crocheted crown. Gold stars and braid emphasise military note.

"So I see. You are making a complete fool of yourself."

Elspeth's head came up and her ears swung out and she looked at Susan with a truculent stare. Then, before anyone could guess what was coming, she lifted her trunk, which she must have been filling all this time, and unerringly blew its contents in Susan's direction. But Susan did not move. She stood there, with clenched fists and trembling lips.

Tony moved towards her and it was now Elspeth's turn to be annoyed. She lurched backwards and forwards, nearly damaging a large car that had been parked by the kerbside. The policeman, redder in the face, shouted to Tony to keep his charge in order or he would be fined for causing an obstruction as well as having no permit.

Tony felt the injustice of this, as it was obvious to him that if he had been allowed to lead Elspeth quietly through the town this unpleasant scene would not have happened.

He started to move forward and Elspeth stayed close to his shoulder. The crowd melted away in front of them, and even the policeman moved rapidly to one side. Tony and Elspeth continued until they reached the other side of the square, and he could see the open fair ground ahead.

As they approached the ground Tony started to think uncomfortably of Susan. Whatever annoyance she had felt yesterday morning must have grown considerably by now.

He found old Hawkins waiting for him.

"You must be Captain Fletcher. Sanders came to see me this morning. I'll do what I can, sir, but I can't promise to get a good price. Circus life is not what it was."

"I'm not selling Elspeth. I'm giving her to you."

"She can join Oscar," and he

pointed to a neighboring field where another elephant was pegged out, and a man was watching him eat. Tony went over to them, and Elspeth followed.

Suddenly he heard the same low trumpeting he had heard before, but there was a seductive undertone in it that was new. Oscar listened for a moment with his head on one side, and then he blew a short blast of his own. Elspeth answered in a dulcet tremolo, daintily lifting her trunk in Oscar's direction. Oscar, who was also a pigmy, watched the curving tip for a while, then touched it with his own. There was a tender rumble in his throat.

A little while later Tony rang the bell of Susan's house, and was immediately shown into the drawing-room. It was unusually quiet, he thought unconsciously. Susan was sitting on a low chair. She looked as if she'd been crying, but he wasn't sure.

"I'm sorry, darling..."

She got up quickly and came towards him. "Tony. Where's Elspeth?"

He could see on her dress one of the clasps that usually held the chameleons, but Elsie and Meenie were not around. Her shoulder, too, was surprisingly free of the marmoset.

"I've given her away to the old man on the fair ground who is selling his own animals."

"I'm glad," said Susan in a small voice.

"He had an elephant called Oscar, and Elspeth promptly fell in love with him."

"A fickle woman," she murmured, laying her cheek on his shoulder. "And you still love me?"

"Only you, my darling," holding her in his arms. "Where are Elsie and Meenie?"

She looked up with a curious expression in her eyes. "I've given all my pets to Sanders. He's going to find new homes for them."

"That leaves just us, then!"

"Just us, Tony," she said, and her arms slid up round his neck. "Just us, please!"

"Darling, I shall have to think of another birthday present for you."

She nodded and buried her nose under his chin.

"I think I'd like a very small present, darling."

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS —

vanish permanently when treated with "VANIX," the application of which is simple, painless, and harmless.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is not a depilatory—it is a pleasantly perfumed lotion which attacks the hair roots, dissolving and finally destroying them completely. "VANIX" is priced at 2/6 a bottle (6/1 posted) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 216 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches: Smith's Pharmacy, 372 Mt. Collins St., Melbourne; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melbourne; G. A. Edwards, 230 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Nervous tension

brings on

INDIGESTION

Because the digestive organs re-act at once to nervous upsets, digestion soon breaks down under prolonged nervous tension. Then, after every meal, you get flatulence, heartburn, nervous dyspepsia and all the distressing symptoms of indigestion. In other words—a painful condition arises which can easily develop into serious stomach trouble.

So, if present-day worries have upset your stomach, turn

to De Witt's Antacid Powder for help. You'll get relief at once. De Witt's Antacid Powder acts so quickly and surely because it tackles your stomach trouble in three ways. First it neutralises excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it actually helps to digest your food, and so relieves the weakened stomach.

Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder now and you'll soon be eating what you like and enjoying every meal.

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters.

ANTACID POWDER

DeWitt's

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½. Giant size, 4/8



TUMBARUMBA: Where whole families enlist

THE WARNER BOYS



VERNON CHARLES, 19, youngest of the five brothers.



JOHN ALBERT, aged 24, mostly known as "Ninety."



ALFRED ANGUS, 28, known as Andy, a cricketing Warner.



ERNEST EDWARD, 30, known as "Bunny." He trained horses.



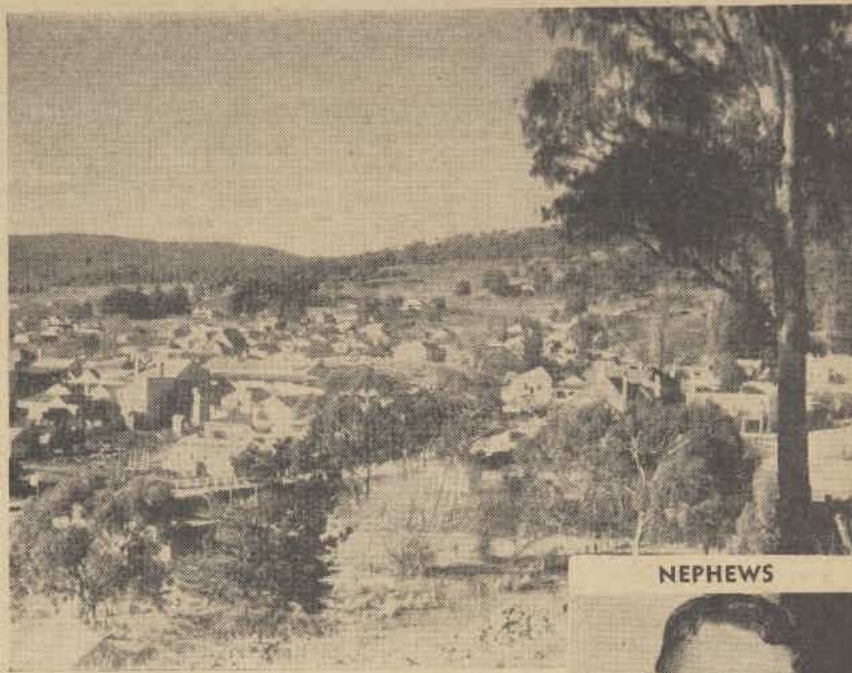
WILLIAM JAMES, 35, expert shearer, eldest of the family.



TUMBARUMBA HONOR ROLL

TUMBARUMBA Shire, with a population of 2000, has a remarkable honor roll of men in the services. Included among the 133 who have enlisted are these family groups:

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------------|
| 5 WARNERS | brothers |
| 4 LE CERFS | 3 brothers & an uncle |
| 4 AIREYS | brothers |
| 4 MATHESONS | brothers |
| 3 BIRRELLS | father & two sons |
| 3 BURGESS | brothers |
| 3 BURGUNS | 2 brothers & a cousin |
| 3 CLANCYS | brothers |
| 3 FAGGS | father & 2 sons |
| 3 PATONS | related |
| 3 PERROTTIS | brothers |
| 2 BULLOCKS | brothers |
| 2 CLEGGs | brothers |
| 2 CORNELIUS | brothers |
| 2 GARDNERS | brothers, one killed |
| 2 MOREYS | brother & sister |
| 2 WOLTERS | cousins |



TUMBARUMBA (N.S.W.) has a proud record of family enlistments in this war. The Warner brothers head the list.

NEPHEWS



YOUNG Jack O'Loughlin says his uncles are "grand blokes."



VERNON, youngest nephew, son of Mrs. Goldspink.

FRIENDS



PEGGY AND WAL HEINECKE. "Everyone likes the Warners."



MR. LE CERF, one of five brothers in the last war.



JOAN, youngest sister of the Warner boys. The five brothers doted on their pretty baby sister. "Ninety" gave her the pony as a parting gift before he sailed for the Middle East.

Continuing . . . DEAR JOHN

from page 5

HERE was no question of trying to let John down lightly, of waiting for even a little while till he should be rested and refreshed. He was such a forthright person himself that Linda could not bear that she should appear to delude him for even one moment.

He stood quite still in front of the fireplace in the small sitting-room, his hands in the pockets of his scuffed and shabby navy-blue trousers, his feet planted a little apart, as if he still felt the roll of the sea beneath him, and his eyes, under their ridiculously long, fair lashes, watching every expression on Linda's face as she sat on the window-seat staring out into the early summer dusk.

"If that's how it is with you, my dear, you carry on," he said.

He did not make any lengthy speech about only wanting her happiness. He did not plead with her. He just stood quietly aside so that she could go the way she wanted unhindered, and for a moment Linda felt a little dismayed at the casual, easy way he seemed to be letting her go. Then she stood up and crossed the room to his side.

"We can go on as we have always done, can't we, John? Doing things together, I mean—being friends?"

"If that is how you wish it, my dear."

"I do, John. I should hate it to make any difference."

"Then we won't let it."

He gave her a reassuring smile, and Linda at once felt comforted in her distress.

John was as good as his word. They slipped back into the old comradeship which had been theirs before he had first told her that he loved her, and all through the days of his short leave they were together whenever Linda could get away from her work.

The evenings were still Bruce's, but John and she had several long, leisurely days by themselves, as business was slack. Days when they did together those things they both loved so much—walking endlessly across country still green and fresh with the memory of spring; exploring odd little villages; lying on the sun-warmed turf, talking as eagerly as if there never would be time enough for the exchange of thoughts and impressions.

Once, when they were tramping aside by side, John pulled her arm through his.

"It was to make no difference," was all he said, and Linda gave him a small, uncertain smile, because that was how they had always walked, companionably arm-in-arm, and somehow she had been a little shy of slipping her hand into the crook of his elbow until he placed it there himself. She did not wait for him to have to do it again.

And every evening the day's quietness and comradeship gave place to the heady excitement of dancing with Bruce; driving with Bruce wherever his petrol ration allowed it; going to theatre or cinema, with Bruce close by her side, every part of her alive with awareness of him. There was nothing of peaceful friendliness about these evenings. They had all the stimulus and sparkle of heady wine.

John never obtruded on those evening hours, nor did he ask her about them, but one Saturday it so happened that they were back late from an excursion into the country, and when they reached the flat Bruce was already there, waiting for her, and talking in a desultory sort of way with Kay. Linda introduced the two men, and was unaccountably irritated with Bruce's attitude of faint patronage when he looked down from his six feet or so on to John, whose square figure was barely, if not under, average height.

"Who is the little man?" Bruce asked Linda as soon as she had changed and they were outside the flat.

"He is a very old friend," she replied. "And he may be lacking in inches, but . . ."

"He is a better man than I am, Gunga Din!" Bruce interrupted her, with a short laugh that sounded anything but mirthful.

"I didn't say that," Linda pointed out.

"But that is what you were about to convey, wasn't it?"

Linda made no reply. Bruce's retort had, somehow, been so exactly right. She knew that Bruce had none of the qualities that made John such a very admirable person. But that made no difference to her silly heart. The touch of Bruce's hands had the power to set every nerve in her body quivering, whereas John

had never hastened one single heart-beat.

And then John's leave was up, and Linda went to the station to see him off for a port, "somewhere in England."

"Good-bye, John; take care of yourself. And, John . . ."

"What is it, my dear?"

"I am sorry."

"Don't be, Linda. Just be happy, and remember . . ."

He broke off to smile down at her from the carriage window.

"Remember what, John?" she prompted him.

"Remember that if anything goes wrong I shall always be waiting."

Before Linda could reply, the train steamed out of the station, and she could only wave to him through the murk that not even the clear blue summer morning could dispel.

"But what could go wrong?" She asked that question aloud of Kay that evening while dreading to go out with Bruce.

Kay, who was going out, too, smoothed her scarlet dress.

"Perhaps John thought it a bit strange—as I do—that Bruce has not yet asked you to marry him," she said slowly. "How much longer are you going on like that, Linda?"

"Like what?" Linda demanded.

"You know what I mean," responded Kay, refusing to be ruffled by the quick retort.

Linda never defended Bruce, even to herself; never allowed herself to formulate the excuses that lurked at the back of her mind—excuses as to why, when his every look and gesture announced that he loved her, Bruce had not, even yet, asked her to marry him. But that he did love her was the one thing about which she had no doubts. She was content, on those summer evenings, to let every other consideration pass her by while she had Bruce's arms about her and his lips on hers.

"Thank Heaven yours is a reserved occupation," she said once. They had been dining simply at a small French restaurant in Soho, and were walking quietly home along the Embankment. The Thames slipped along beside them, ghostly in the colorless light of late evening, and there was a freshness in the night wind which stirred the curls on Linda's head.

"Sweetheart, wouldn't you like to see me in uniform?" he teased.

"Not if it meant you going away

Bruce tucked her hand more securely into his, and smiled down at her consolingly.

"It won't be just yet, if at all, sweetheart—at least, I hope not. So don't let us think about it. Life is such a chancy business, darling. It's no good worrying about to-morrow. To-day is what matters. And to-day—we love each other. That is all that counts, isn't it?"

They had reached the dark privacy of her own tiny hallway by now, and within the brief security of his arms Linda nodded and whispered: "Yes, that's all that matters."

She clung to that fact through the days that followed, and then, late one afternoon, Bruce telephoned to her at Madame Cecile's:

"I want to talk to you, Linda. There is something I must tell you. Can you persuade Kay to go out this evening, so that we could have the flat to ourselves?"

Linda's heart seemed to jump right up into her throat, so that all she could manage, before replacing the receiver, was a husky:

"Yes, Bruce."

When she explained matters to Kay, the dark girl raised expressive eyebrows.

"So he has come to the point at last? And about time, too, my child."

"Oh, don't, Kay. You make it all sound so cheap."

Kay was immediately contrite.

"I am sorry, my dear. I don't want to spoil anything for you. It is just that I am so fond of you that I hated to think Bruce might have been playing about."

"And you can manage to have a 'date' to-night?"

"I can always manage that," smiled Kay complacently. "I'll leave you a clear field, Linda, don't you worry."

But, inexplicably, Linda did worry. She had waited so long, it now seemed, for this moment, that she had had time to weigh up the step she was about to take more carefully than if Bruce had asked her to say "Yes" in those early, exciting days of their awareness of each other. Then she would have had no doubts—no need, even, to think. She would have accepted him gladly and unquestioningly.

Now, though, she was conscious that she did not await Bruce's proposal in quite such a carefree manner. While the flame that he had lit in her heart still burnt as exult-



"Good-bye, John, take care of yourself," Linda said.

for months at a time—perhaps into danger, like John."

"Oh, John!" There was a faintly derogatory note in Bruce's voice which at once aroused Linda's resentment.

"Don't say 'Oh, John!' like that," she protested, and he squeezed her arm.

"I am sorry, my sweet. I always forget that he is such a particular pet of yours. But you must admit he is not romantic."

"Romance isn't everything," retorted Linda tritely, but determined that Bruce should not be allowed to belittle the man she had admired and respected all her life. "After all," she added, "you could hardly call your job a romantic one, messing about with machinery and so on, but it is essential enough at a time like this to keep you from joining up."

"It might not stop me from going away, though," said Bruce, and Linda caught her breath.

"Go away—you? Oh, Bruce!"

antly, she had become aware of how little she really knew Bruce. No more now, indeed, after all these weeks, than she had at the very beginning. She had been so content to live for each exhilarating moment that she had never tried to learn anything about the real Bruce which lay behind the very attractive exterior.

She waited for him now, in the quietness of the summer evening, and felt suddenly as shy and bashful as any girl in her teens.

But when he came, Bruce seemed oddly ill-at-ease and distrustful. He caught her to him when she opened the door of the flat to his ring, and then, leaving her breathless from the strength of his arms, and her lips bruised by the pressure of his upon them, he put her from him almost forcefully, and, striding past her into the sitting-room, stood gazing into the soft twilight with his back towards her.

At last Linda went to him and slipped her arm through his.

"What is the matter, Bruce?"

He made an inarticulate sound, and then he turned, so suddenly that Linda's arm was wrenched from his, so that they stood in the small bay window, facing each other.

"I am going away, Linda."

"Oh, Bruce!"

"To Canada."

She passed a tongue over lips suddenly dry.

"For how long?"

"For the duration, I suppose."

Silently she studied his face, but in her heart she was crying:

"And is that all you have to say to me, Bruce?"

"Linda—Bruce seemed to have difficulty in continuing. At last he said: 'It has been fun, Linda, hasn't it?'"

Because she was afraid of what her voice would reveal should she try to answer, Linda nodded her burnished head.

"I don't know what I should have done without you all these months," went on Bruce jerkily. "You see, when Ann went back, life seemed pretty grim—and then you came along."

"Who is Ann?" Linda was vaguely surprised to find that her lips would still obey the order of her brain.

Bruce turned his head so that he could no longer see the pale oval of her face upturned to his in the gathering darkness.

"My wife," he answered her, and Linda nodded her head again.

"I see," she said. But she didn't. She didn't see anything except the shattering of the dreams she had been weaving around a future shared with Bruce. Suddenly she remembered John's face when she had told him of this new and wonderful love which had come to her. She had shattered his dreams, then, just as surely as Bruce was shattering hers now. She hoped that she could face the break-up of all those bright hopes as gallantly as he had done. With a strange feeling of being fortified, she squared her shoulders and lifted her chin, as if the pain she was having to meet were a physical one.

"Will you tell me, Bruce? About everything, I mean."

Still oddly calm, she sat down on the padded window-seat. As if he were unaware of what he was doing Bruce followed her example, and sat with his hands clenched between his knees, his head down, his eyes on the soft, moss-green carpet at his feet.

"They are sending me over as manager of the Canadian branch," he began, in that same jerky way in which he had been speaking all the time. "There is a lot of stuff over there that is wanted in this country. My job will be to buy it up and ship it across."

"And—Ann?" Linda prompted him inexorably.

"She is over there. I sent her home when it seemed war was inevitable. She is Canadian, you see, and then there was the baby to consider. So they both went."

"The baby . . ." Linda's voice died away into the hushed stillness of the room.

"Yes. He was born in July. Ann would not have gone if it had not been for Timothy."

It was funny, thought Linda bleakly, that, loving a man as she had loved Bruce, you could know so little about him.

"I know I should have told you all this before," Bruce continued, the words seeming to come from him with difficulty, "about Ann and Timothy, I mean. But you were so sweet, Linda, and I was so lonely, I was afraid it would spoil it all if I told you. I was afraid you wouldn't let it go on if you knew, and I don't know how I could have borne that. Linda—" He turned to her at last, and tried to take her hands, but they remained folded so tightly in her lap that all he could do was to lay his on them. "Linda, sweetheart, do you mind—terribly?"

"I don't know!" The words were true, because Linda was only conscious of a merciful numbness. All that had been most alive in her had shrivelled up and died. But she knew that when life returned, so would the consciousness of pain. Now, however, she could feel nothing but a great weariness, and a longing to be rid of that jerky, uneven voice and conscience-stricken figure.

"I think you had better go, Bruce," she said, quite evenly. He recognised an inflexible finality about those quietly spoken words that



FOR COUNTRY WEEK-ENDS—A black-and-white checked wool slacksuit with a vivid red wool blouse. The jacket has four patch-pockets and a black velvet collar.

made him realise more clearly than any amount of harsh recriminations that this interlude, which had grown almost unbearably sweet to him, was indeed ended. His hands slid from hers, still tightly clasped in her lap, and he stood up, looking down at the top of that small, proudly held head.

Linda knew only that he leaned over her for an instant. She did not feel the light touch of his lips on her hair before he went from her, out of the dark little room and out of the flat.

It was not until the crash of the front door came to her ears that she stirred, and then, like a gallant ship striking her colors, slowly she relaxed, until her slim body lay face downwards along the broad cushioned window-seat, her face buried in her arms.

Kay, coming quietly in some hours later, found her still lying there, and exclaimed in distress:

"Linda, my dear child! What has happened?"

Blinking in the light which Kay switched on after drawing the curtains closely together, Linda gave Kay a brief outline of Bruce's confession.

But when the other girl, crimson with fury, began to revile the man who had put that expression of drained vitality into Linda's face, Linda held out her hand.

"Don't, Kay, please! I expect I was just as much to blame. He was so easy to love."

Her eyes went past Kay's indignant figure to the photograph of John on the mantelpiece. He looked back at her beneath the peak of the old yachting cap he was wearing jauntily on the side of his head, and she had a sudden longing for his ready comprehension and sympathy. Always he had been there, in the background of her life, prepared to share her joys and her sorrows, and she knew that in this bitter anguish which had come to her he would have been able to give her comfort.

Kay followed the direction of her eyes.

"What about John—now?" she asked, and Linda replied, with the complete certainty of utter trust:

"He will understand." And in that moment she knew that this was what love really is. It is not the heady exhilaration which leaps up in an instant by reason of sheer physical magnetism, and which can die with equal suddenness. It is the slow, steady, unromantic growth of two people's knowledge of each other. A knowledge which leads to just that quiet certainty of, and dependence in, the other's complete understanding and affection as she had in John's.

With a quick lightening of her spirit, Linda sat down at her desk in the corner of the room, drew a block of notepaper towards her, picked up her pen and wrote:

"Dear John . . ."

(Copyright)

Headaches banished by Bayer's Aspirin TABLETS

Even the worst headache yields quickly to genuine Bayer's Aspirin. 2 tablets taken with water bring almost immediate relief. What is more, you can take Bayer's Aspirin with confidence, for it has brought quick relief to thousands throughout Australia for the past 20 years.

quicker
surer . . . safer

MADE IN AUSTRALIA
for 20 years

MAKE THIS
DRAMATIC TEST
YOURSELF . . .



Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In a seconds — by the time it hits the bottom of the glass — it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

Stop pain more quickly
with Bayer's Aspirin

Tin of 12, 9d.; Bottle of 24, 1/3s.
Bottle of 100, 4/-. 144



FOR SOFT ADAPTABLE CURLS

If your hair is bleached, coarse or naturally wavy ask your hairdresser to use the new Eugène "E" sachets to give you curls of added softness and long lasting beauty. Bleached hair will "glow" after a Eugène "E" wave leaving no sign of frizz. For your next perm, say Eugène "E" — by Eugene, of course.

eugène

There's no curl like the Eugène curl

Sole Distributors:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
All States



HOW TO BE HEALTHY

Constipation clogs the system and causes many ills. Doctors say, "To be healthy you must keep free from constipation." NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative, aids Nature in a natural way. It acts gently and mildly to give you comfortable relief. Easy and pleasant to take, Figsen is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Get NYAL FIGSEN to-day and see how easily this natural laxative will correct constipation and improve your health. Sold by chemists everywhere — 1/3d. a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION



"It is a hedgehog one of them things with spikes all over it and I comes down fair on top of it."

You don't half get a lot of night-work in the army

Sentry-go at two ack-emma

Dear Mother, — Two hours don't seem very long when you're setting on the back row at the pitchers with a box of chockerlets and your best girl.

But it takes a mighty long time to tick by when you're on sentry-go, especially at night.

YES, I have been on guard again and as usual I clicked the twelve to two shift. Blime, you don't half get a lot of night work in the army but there ain't nothing extra on your pay sheet at the end of the week, they don't seem to have heard about overtime.

Well there's one thing to be said about the guard tent there's plenty of room in it at night if only you have the chance to enjoy it, but you can't very well doze down at eight o'clock and what's the good of going to bed at ten when you've got to turn out at twelve.

Straight I can't see why they want to put a guard on a camp after midnight. Just think of all the sentries what have done two on and four off since they first invented guards and what has happened — six, except when Guy Fox tried to blow up Parliament which was one of the places they had forgotten to guard and then he never got away with it.

No sleep-walker

THEY say that more human beings die at 2 ack emma than at any other time of the day and I should think that's about right. Come two o'clock in the excuse-me-for-yawning when I am on sentry-go and I am pretty near in the last stages of rigour mortis myself.

You said you was worried on account of I might get myself shot at dawn for being asleep on sentry duty knowing what a rare one I am for my full ration of shuteye. Don't you worry about that old dear I got some different ideas about sleep now.

Remember how wild I used to get when the twins had hooping cough well I wouldn't get wild about anything like that now I should just sleep straight through it and even if they did wake me up I wouldn't be mad at them, after all it's something to have a nice comfortable bed to lie awake in.

Some of those people who are always moaning about they can't sleep at night ought to try a bit of sentry-go between twelve and two, they'd soon realise they didn't know when they was well off, most likely they got hot-water bottles in bed with 'em too.

Anyway, I ain't ever likely to learn how to go to sleep while I am walking about nor yet even standing up, and there ain't no room to lie down in a sentry box even if we had one at this camp which we ain't.

I don't mind the shift from eight to ten so much even if it does mean you have to go on from two to four when you can at least watch the dawn coming through though it ain't nothing to write poetry about. And I don't mind the shift from ten to twelve because there's always the late-pass men coming in and the officers who are a lot sportier around midnight than they are at mid-day.

After all it does give you something to do to keep on saying, "Halt, who goes there?" You have to say that with your bayonet at the ready, which means ready to stick through the bloke's gizzard if he

turns out to be a wrong 'un which he never does because why would a spy try to get in through the front gate when there's half a dozen other places where the blokes who have overstayed their leaf get through.

So then the bloke says, Friend, which anybody could say and which they tell me is practically the same in German anyway, and then you say, advance friend and give the countersign, after which the cross talk fizzles out because we ain't been told what the countersign is.

Sometimes one of the officers will try to catch you off your guard (that's funny, ain't it?) and when you say, halt etc. he don't answer. So then you stick your bayonet against his sambrown that's a kind of combination belt and braces only there's only one brace and they wear the belt outside their tunic instead of round their trousers, and then you say, what the hell do you think . . . oh, sorry sir, I didn't know it was you. And then he goes off looking pretty small. Yes we get a bit of our own back sometimes when we are on guard.

But I can't stand the shift between twelve and two. There's nothing doing at all and for two hours all you can do is walk up and down, stand still, and then walk up and down again. Even the sergeant of the guard knows better than to inspect a sentry between twelve and two.

Well after a time you start staring but that don't do you much good. They say there is a great bear in the sky well I seen bears on pitchers but I don't seem to be able to find the great bear nor yet his little brother and anyway it wouldn't do me any good if I could.

However I reckon I got Mars spotted, they ought to put a sentry to stop him coming too near the earth while there's blokes like Hitler loose.

They call it the red planet but these here astrologers don't half exaggerate look at the Milky Way for instance it's only like a bit of mist. It certainly ain't nothing at all like that time I pushed in the cap of the milk bottle while I was wearing my best blue suit.

The night prowler

NO there ain't nothing in the sky unless there happens to be some shooters but evidently there weren't any babies being born last night. I never saw one. So then I just marched round the tents and listened to the blokes snoring.

I did have one bit of excitement last night. While I was standing at the gate looking at nothing in particular there ain't much else to look at on a dark night, I thought I saw something moving under the hedge opposite. I didn't take much notice because you often think you see things, but presently this something started crossing the road towards me.

It gives me a bit of a berth and starts wandering round the camp quite slow, even when I started following it it didn't hurry itself and when I walked in front of it, it just stopped.

So I taken a tight hold of my rifle and just as I am going to make a

Dear Mother

Being the letters home of a soldier son

By

Douglas Compton - James

grab at it to find out what it is I gets tangled in a tent rope and down I comes. Cripes I find out what it is alright it is a hedgehog one of them things with spikes all over it and I comes down fair on top of it.

Hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present I'm pretty uncomfortable I can't sit down.

Your loving son,

Willie

Another letter from Private Willie next week.

Do you know this Woman?

Age 38
Looks 51
Face Wrinkled
Double Chin
Sallow Complexion
Fallen Muscles



REWARD

THE REWARD offered YOU is the same as THIS WOMAN received . . . She banished facial defects within one week, by wearing the Rex Rejuvenator for only 15 minutes daily.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

The above remarkable transformation was brought about by the aid of the Rex Rejuvenator. You, too, can banish wrinkles, double chin, sagging muscles, and all facial blemishes, without Cosmetics, Face Massage or Surgery. The Rex Rejuvenator is scientifically constructed to allow the skin to breathe while giving an uplift pressure designed to raise fallen muscles to their correct positions. This enables the blood to flow to these latent parts and build new living tissue, thus leaving the muscles firm and healthy. Wrinkles are likewise automatically raised to a position where healthy blood circulates and so leaves the skin smooth and free from blemishes.



SENT ON 7 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Worn for 15 minutes daily will show results you would not have thought possible.

WRITE NOW! The unit will be sent under sealed, plain cover.

M. REGUS & CO.
428 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

WINSTON CHURCHILL said — "The heroes of this war are the UNKNOWN WARRIORS." Hear their stories in . . .

"UNKNOWN WARRIORS"

9.30 p.m.

Every
Wednesday

2GB

If you would know how to be happy and successful, tune to . . .

"The SECRETS of HAPPINESS"

. . . It's a treasury of lovely music and helpful philosophy.

2GB

11.15 a.m.

TUES., WED., THURS.

"It's queer, all the same," said Jenny. "The last time I saw the dog was—the night of Basil's death." Just then Rodney rang.

Jenny went to the door, forestalling Joe.

Rodney burst in, red, puffing and very excited and asked if we'd heard. We both said, "What?" and he told us.

"Marion Smith. Murdered. Last night. Nobody knows who did it."

"Marion Smith. Who is—"

"The telephone operator. One of them. The girl on night duty. There's only one at night and three in the daytime." He stopped, gurgling and showing signs of incipient apoplexy, so I made him sit down.

"The police are all over the place," panted Rodney. "Had me on the carpet as soon as I told 'em I was in my office last night. They don't know exactly when it happened. I didn't hear a thing. Horrible—girl murdered right in the same building—"

"How?" said Jenny, in the strangest voice in the world. The strangeness of it cut through Rodney's excited, puffing preoccupation. He stopped in full flight, handkerchief suspended in one hand, to stare at her before he said: "Skull fractured. No weapon found."

"She wasn't shot, then?" said Jenny, and Rodney, again staring, said no, and told us as much as was yet known of the story.

The main point was that nobody knew exactly what time the murder had occurred. Nobody knew or could suggest a motive, either, but that came later, after the police and Sergeant Walters and the Superintendent and his detectives had questioned everybody who ever knew or heard of Marion Smith. And then he came to us.

But at first they tried to fix the time. She'd gone on duty at nine, relieving two other girls. The third girl had already left at six. But the night calls are very infrequent and Marion handled the switchboard from nine to six alone. There was a little couch in the telephone exchange behind a screen, and an electric plate so that she could make herself something hot if she wanted to.

That night she had made no coffee and there was no dirty crockery, which would have indicated that she was killed before midnight for there had been a regular time for her to eat. But there wasn't; the girls who worked there and knew her said she had no set time for her little meal. And John Platt found her dead at something after two o'clock. John Platt was our baker and he had been trying to phone a doctor because his daughter was suddenly taken ill.

"Rodney," who had left, he said, at twelve-thirty, had heard and seen nothing. He passed the door to the telephone exchange and it was closed—which was unusual on so hot a night—but he'd thought nothing of it and gone home.

"But it's almost impossible for all that to happen, quiet as it is in the building at night, without my hearing it. I don't believe she was murdered till later. I can't believe it. Surely the poor girl would scream for help."

"What are they doing?"

"The police? Trying to discover the earliest call to the exchange that wasn't answered. Several people have come forward saying they tried to telephone during the night and couldn't get the operator."

That, as nearly as I can trust my

Continuing . . . Brief Return from page 6

memory, was all we knew of the thing when the Superintendent and Sergeant Walters arrived, as they did about noon.

Rodney had had to go; Cynthia was still under the weather, he said, and upset by this latest tragedy. He'd only come to tell us and to ask if we wanted him and Cynthia to come up to Tenacres for a few days.

Jenny rather promptly said no, we didn't. I thanked him; there were always, I added a little bitterly, policemen about the place, so we were perfectly safe. He said all right, dubiously, and told me to telephone if we needed him and went away, still puffing. He stopped on the threshold to ask if we'd heard from Alice. Jenny hadn't come to the door and I said no, and let my face show my alarm, for he looked anxiously at me and whispered so that Jenny wouldn't hear: "Have they searched the grounds?"

I shook my head and Jenny came to stand beside me, so he said no more.

We watched Rodney trot down the drive.

"I suppose," said Jenny, very feline and gentle, "Cynthia needs a lot of medical attention."

"Well, if she does," I snapped, "it's your own fault."

It wasn't at all obscure, but Jenny pretended not to know what I meant, and went to telephone to Alastair and ask him what he knew of the murder. As far as I could judge from her side of the conversation he knew nothing at all of it but the bare fact, which was brought, again, by the milkman. She didn't, of course, telephone to Tom. But she did quite a lot of pacing the floor and didn't eat a bite of lunch, saying it was too hot.

As to that, I wasn't very hungry myself. I kept thinking of the knife and how easily it could fracture anybody's skull, and that I ought to have told the police about it sooner. But, of course, there was nothing to indicate what weapon had been used. It might have been the knife, or it might with equal probability have been a mallet. And if I had told them of the knife sooner, still they might not have been able to discover it. And for all I knew the knife was where the revolver had been, at the bottom of the river.

Well, as I say, the whole parcel of them arrived shortly after lunch; and they came out immediately with the really horrible and unexpected thing that had brought them there, and that was what they called a link. Between the murder of the little telephone girl and Jenny.

Tom wasn't with them this time; he had a "cold," I suppose. So Bates had it all his own way, with Sergeant Walters watching and listening and putting in a word now and then.

"What do you mean by a link?" I demanded. "We didn't even know the poor child. I've the barest recollection of what she looked like."

"We have found," said Bates, "that Miss Smith tried three times yesterday to reach Jenny Shore by telephone. It was in the morning and she was telephoning from the house where she lived. You, Miss Shore, were out, and apparently she went to sleep, as was her custom, during the afternoon, and didn't try again. Why did she try to talk to you?"

"I haven't the remotest idea," Jenny seemed shocked and honestly bewildered. I didn't like the way they looked and behaved, and I didn't like Tom's absence. I won-

dered fleetingly if it was intentional on their part. If so, that meant they suspected a certain amount of friendliness to us and a willingness on Tom's part to help us—which I must say hadn't been very evident so far as I could see.

"She must have had some purpose," persisted Superintendent Bates. "There's no doubt of it. One of her friends was at the switchboard and Miss Smith spoke to her, giving her the number—your number here. The girl reports that she asked for you, Miss Shore, when a maid answered. She tried no fewer than three times to reach you. Why?"

Jenny, very pale, shook her head. And they had Mabel in and she, wriggling excitedly and exasperatingly, confirmed it.

"Why didn't you tell Miss Jenny something had rung her?" I demanded. "She left no name, M'am. No message—"

She was escorted from the room and Bates turned triumphantly to Jenny.

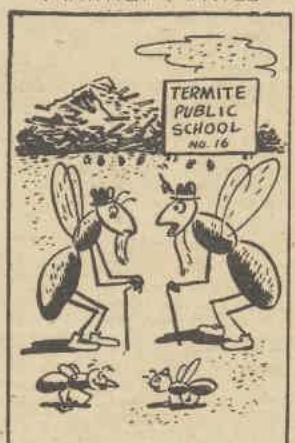
"There you have it. Now, then, why?"

"But I don't know! There's no reason—"

"There's always a reason," pronounced Superintendent Bates.

~~~~~

## Animal Antics



"Every time we build a new school-house, this happens!"

"Let's have the truth. It'll be better for you in the long run."

His words gave me, honestly and literally, a kind of chill.

"Do you mean—but you can't—"

I began incoherently and incredulously.

"Do I mean what, Miss Chace?"

I leaned forward. "Jenny couldn't have struck that horrible, brutal blow. She couldn't have killed this poor girl. You have only to look at her—why, it's fantastic. It's—"

He interrupted me. "Women have struck blows before now. Exactly as women have poisoned and stabbed and—"

"But Jenny—the thought is preposterous—you are—"

"Now, now, Miss Mary," said Walters soothingly. I turned to him, still unable to believe my ears.

"But—but there are guards. If you can't see for yourself it's impossible, there are guards. All round the place. None of us could have left without their seeing—"

"Nonsense," said Superintendent Bates. "There are acres of woodland and it was dark. However, I don't say you did and don't say you didn't. I do say you'd better tell me the truth. Why did she try to talk to Jenny Shore?"

Well, it went on for some time. They put the same question a number of ways to me and to Jenny and I don't believe the Superintendent was ever convinced that we were telling the truth, as we were, when we insisted that we knew no reason the poor child could possibly have had for telephoning to us. By that time, however, he wouldn't have believed either Jenny or me on a stack of Bibles. Jenny's conflicting story of the revolver and my own corroboration, wherever I could corroborate, of anything she said had had its effect. He went back to the revolver before he'd finished, but we repeated everything we'd said before, Jenny, however, behaving beautifully this time.

It was Sergeant Walters who asked about the knife, requesting me to describe it for Superintendent Bates, who had presumably never entered a hardware shop. I did so, a little reluctantly. Jenny clutched her small hands together and looked straight out of the window the whole time; her eyes dark with horror.

"And you haven't found it yet?"

Sergeant Walters asked at length. "No. Unless the gardener has found it this morning."

Sergeant Walters said slowly: "I think I'd better have the grounds searched—eh, Superintendent?"

That made Jenny turn, slowly, as if she were on a pivot.

"What for?" she said.

Walters said hurriedly: "The knife."

"Nonsense," said the Superintendent. "For Mrs. Hoults, of course. Well, search if you want to. But you won't find her."

The funny thing was that Jenny didn't faint or scream or even sit down in a chair. She just looked at him with the most singular stillness and said: "Oh."

They went away shortly after that. The only scrap of further news I could extract from them was that the inquest had been postponed and that Marion Smith, according to her friends, had been very worried and troubled, and extremely upset about having been taken to the police for questioning.

They had asked only routine questions. Walters related sufficiently to inform me; they were trying to discover mainly where and when Alice had gone, and whether anybody, through casual conversation accidentally overheard, knew anything of her whereabouts. The night operator is more prone to overhear accidentally than the other girls who are not so lonely and are much busier. And there's no gainsaying the fact that relatives of the telephone operators of a small town are very likely to know quite a lot of what goes on before anybody else knows it.

But the police had drawn a complete blank. None of the girls knew anything of the affair and only Marion Smith had minded being asked.

"But whatever it was she knew—if that was the motive for her murder—she was certainly quiet about it. I had no idea she really knew anything. I just thought it upset her to be questioned. It does some people."

The man Bates had turned at that, disapproving of Walters' conversational apt.

"How did she show she minded?"

"You were there," said Walters briefly.

"Perhaps," I said slowly, "there isn't any motive."

"I've already questioned Doctor Tucker about anybody in the vicinity with homicidal tendencies," said Walters. "He says there's nobody. Went through his father's records for forty years back. There's a reasonable amount of insanity about—perhaps I ought to say unreasonable—but none of it dangerous. And one of our main efforts has been to discover and thoroughly account for any itinerants in the neighborhood. We've drawn a blank there, too."

"Well—we'll make a complete search of the grounds, Miss Mary. Up to now we've been certain Miss Alice left of her own free will. Taking her clothes like that. And being frightened of Hoults. But after last night's devilish business I'm not so sure. Although the Superintendent here—"

He stopped, glancing quickly at Jenny as if he'd forgotten her. But again Jenny didn't look as if his somewhat grisly suggestion could possibly be related to Alice. And Bates boomed again: "You'll not find her," and looked at Jenny with chill, frightening speculation.

Walters had his way, however, and an hour after their departure the search for Alice through the woods round Tenacres began in good earnest. You could hear shouted directions as they got farther and farther into the woods and Mabel, watching from the kitchen door and looking very curled and powdered, went at last disappointedly inside again.

Late in the afternoon, however, she made a large jug of lemonade and took it out to a lawn table. It was remarkable how quickly policemen began coming like blue bees from the woods. They looked very hot, though, and sticky, and were very badly bitten.

Jenny stayed with me for a time and then quietly disappeared. I saw

## The answer is—

- 1—Syria. (During the last week of June.)
- 2—"A Psalm of Life."
- 3—A preparation of fruit.
- 4—Yes.
- 5—Haydn Wood.
- 6—General Huntzinger. (Member of the French Supreme War Council.)
- 7—General Keitel. (Chief of the Supreme Command of German forces.)
- 8—In the 8th century.
- 9—Volga.

Questions on page 24

her strolling across the lawn and towards the little footbridge and didn't pay much attention to it; it was only when she'd been gone for an hour or so that I roused and, a little uneasy, strolled across the lawn myself and over the bridge. The path wound gently through the woods, with ferns so high and dense that you couldn't see far ahead of you. I hadn't gone very far when I met her. She was hurrying, and looked startled and flushed a little when she saw me.

"Have I been gone long?" she asked.

"No."

"I ought to have told you I was going to Alastair's. He—he gave me tea and I stayed longer than I intended."

I couldn't understand Jenny. She was a little excited, and protested, if not too much, at least too vehemently. I couldn't understand it and I didn't like it. Alastair was not the man for Jenny. Besides there was the complication of Cynthia—whatever that complication was, I still could not define it—I only knew it existed.

Jenny did look worried when we emerged from the little bridge and saw the swarm of policemen about the lemonade.

"Good gracious," she said, in an apologetic way. "All those policemen—I didn't realise—"

She stopped short exasperatingly and wouldn't say any more, but there was a troubled look on her face and she was very sober all that evening. Sober and both of us a little sick every time we thought of Marion Smith. And of her trying, three times, to talk to Jenny. Why? And what had she known that she must tell?

The policemen left just before dinner and as far as I could discover there had been no results whatever, except that our asparagus bed was very much trampled on and didn't really revive all the rest of the summer.

They left, however, more men than usual about the house. There were two visible from the front windows and two from the back and one at the entrance of the drive. There may have been more. And that night they began to seem a menace rather than a guard.

Perhaps Jenny felt as I did. Or, perhaps, she was only then beginning to comprehend the seriousness of the position in which she had placed herself.

Please turn to page 30

## SWINGING Along the Road

You can't be a big success if you are always tired . . . afraid to compete with younger men or more vital, attractive women. You need not grow old yet . . . if only you will let WINCARNIS bring back youth's brisk step and cheery outlook. WINCARNIS, a nourishing blend of rich wine and two fortifying vitamins, will build up your exhausted system. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting" Tonic, benefits brain, heart and nerves from the very first glass. GET WINCARNIS from your Chemist to-day.

**Your Dog**

Your dog's coat reflects the state of his health. If it is dull, loose or ragged—if he is fatless, or won't eat—start him immediately on a course of Barko Condition Powder—they come up his whole system.

**BARKO**

CONDITION POWDER  
1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

**HE-MAN STRENGTH**

WITH PERFECT COMFORT!

\* Nile Singlets can "take it." They're woven for WEAR and designed for men of action. The cost? Only 2/6, 2/11 and 3/6—and made from the best Egyptian yarn. And for that boy of yours there's a Nile Junior Athletic Singlet at 1/6.

**NILE**

ATHLETIC SINGLETS

AS SMART AND DURABLE AS COLOUR-FAST NILE HANDKERCHIEFS!

Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 124 Broadway, Sydney.



# WRITER IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Like the Lion which governs their sign, Leonians want to dominate things and hold responsible, dignified positions.

At this time of the year the sun moves from the sign of Cancer the Crab into that of Leo the Lion. Except for the few days which constitute the dividing line—July 22, 23 and 24—people born between then and the next dividing line dates—August 23, 24 and 25—are very strongly endowed with the characteristics usually considered the prerogative of the Lion family.

So long as they dominate things, Leonians are all right. But humiliate them or disregard their orders and you'll be looking for trouble.

Quiet, reliable, courageous and loyal most of the time, disgruntled Leonians can roar loud and long. Their tempers are usually of the fiery kind, quickly roused and fierce while they last, but they burn out quickly as a rule, and sincere regret follows any cruelty or rashness exhibited in the heat of battle.

Most Leonians are forceful, very confident, somewhat aggressive, assured and poised, somewhat vain and self-satisfied, and never content to take second place.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Make the most of July 26 (evening up to 10 o'clock only) and August 2 (mid-afternoon). Opportunities for advancement, general gains, happiness and changes are possible then. Best promotion or other benefits. July 28 (afternoon) best of all. Work hard then.

**Taurus** (April 21 to May 21): Avoid over-confidence, discord, upset, and changes. Difficulties, delays, and worries can beset you at this time. Be especially cautious on July 26 and 31, and August 1. Love quickly then. Patience will prove wise.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Quite fair for minor opportunities and advancements or other gains and changes until 3 p.m. on July 26, so work hard and plan well. August 1 poor. Live cautiously.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Do not attempt important new ventures now, but concentrate on completing those started recently, and in doing so, outstanding routine work. July 28 (after 10.30 p.m.) and 31 (between 7.30 and 5 p.m. and after 10 p.m.) very fair. Also around dusk on August 1.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 24): Work hard on July 26, when you stars favor you considerably from noon until dusk. Also on August 2, but only between 8 and 9.30 p.m. August 2 (afternoon) good also, but balance of each of these three days poor. July 29 (from before dawn till 2 p.m.) may produce worth-while conditions, too. Use these days well.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Just a week of days for most Virgians, but a good time to plan ahead, for better times are near. Meanwhile July 27 (after 10.30 p.m.) and July 28 (same hours) favor you slightly.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Slightly better times for many Librans now. But over-confidence and important changes or ventures are still not advisable, excepting as a carry-over from past attempts or as the first move in slow-moving ventures of the future. Till 2 p.m. on July 26 best part of week. July 26 (afternoon) helpful, too.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Be on your guard now. You have run from a fortunate time into a difficult one. Dodge over-confidence, changes, aggression, arguments, obstacles, delays and upsets, especially on July 26 and 31. August 1 doubtful, so caution is advised.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Get busy. What you start wisely and well now may have reverberations in the future as well as in the present. Make changes, seek promotion or favors and make decisions, especially on July 26 (afternoon best) and 26 (evening, till 9.30). Also August 2 (mid-afternoon). Be cautious on July 27 and 28.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Just a week of days for most Capricornians, but a good time to plan ahead for the near future, when your stars improve. Meanwhile July 27 and 28 just fair, July 29 and 30 poor.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Your stars can bring difficulties, unpopularity, rashness and upsets this week unless you are patient and cautious, especially on July 26 and 31. August 1 doubtful. Avoid changes and aggression now.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Be moderately cautious on July 27 and 28 and August 2. August 2 rather confused. Urgent things which cannot wait for some weeks should now be adjusted, so work wisely, using July 31 (between 2 and 4 and after 9.30 p.m.) and August 1 (between 8 and 9 p.m.). Avoid over-confidence.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are working on the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum. Although requested to do so by **DR. WHITE:** The director, their efforts are frowned on by **DR. BENDAR:** Assistant Curator. Mandrake decides to visit the Museum every

night, but on the way there is captured by **THUGS:** Trying to evade his captors, he falls into a cellar and is recaptured, but by hypnotism tricks the men into letting him escape. He returns to the Museum and finds **SONNY WHITE:** Daughter of Dr. White. They examine the Mummy case and see the Mummy still there. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!



UP to then, I believe, she had been so strongly conscious of her own innocence of the murder that it didn't seem quite possible to her that anyone else would fail, in the long run, to recognise that innocence. She hadn't enough experience of the world to know that the appearance of evil is as damning as evil itself. It was the curious short-sighted folly of those who really and actually have nothing to hide.

Not, however, that Jenny hadn't something to hide.

Tom came that night. After dinner, when because it was so hot and stifling in the house and there was the faintest stirring of breeze outside we were having coffee again on the terrace.

The moon came up much later that night; almost midnight it must have been before it rose distinctly above the birches. It was soft, deep dusk on the terrace when Tom arrived, with a diffused light from the doors falling in patches along the old flagstones and upon the toes of Jenny's small green sandals. She wore that night a soft, filmy white dress with a touch of green and purple at the waist and she looked as cool as ice.

Tom accepted coffee and smoked and talked of the heat. Old man Jenkins, he said, had been overcome by heat about noon and had come very near to dying, and there was an outbreak of mumps in the village.

It struck me that Tom had been rather neglecting his patients lately in favor of police activities, and I said so.

"It's a slack month," he replied, in the most hardened way. "Nobody's ever ill during July."

Jenny didn't say a word.

And after a while Tom put his small coffee-cup down on a table and walked quietly over to the tall thick clusters of box and privet which encircle and screen the terrace.

He strolled about idly for a moment or two before I perceived that he was making sure there was no one on the lawn and within ear-shot.

Jenny understood that, too; she watched with a suddenly heightened attention. He came back and sat down and stretched out his long legs.

## Brief Return

Continued from page 28

"Police still about the place?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"I passed a couple on the bridge. I'm glad they're here; keep 'em here if you can; tell Walters you want them."

It struck me that we hadn't much choice in the matter. And Tom said: "Jenny—"

She looked directly at him. Her fingers went out to take hold of the arms of her chair as if she braced herself.

"Jenny, I've waited till you were ready to talk. It isn't safe to wait any longer. That silly story you told about the revolver yesterday did a lot of harm. And now, here's this thing about Marion Smith. I'm afraid in spite of everything I can do that they're going to hold you for questioning—"

There was an instant's small silence. Jenny said then: "You mean arrest me?"

"I—I hope not."

"But they can't think I murdered the girl—"

"Somebody murdered her."

"But I couldn't have—" There was a horror of revulsion in Jenny's voice.

Tom said: "I know, Jenny. But you've got to look at it from their point of view. They don't know you; they talk of murderesses—"

"Tom—"

"And, anyway," he went on, doggedly, "they don't know whether or not the murders were done by the same person; it seems reasonable to believe there's only one murderer just because, luckily, there are not very many people who'll step on the other side of the fence between what's normal and sane and sustaining, and what's—dark and despairing and horrible. But Walters says they've got to take one murder at a time; that they've got to work on them as if they were two separate crimes, not in any way connected."

"Of course, they aren't actually doing it, but I see why they are taking that stand. Technically they must. Don't look at me like that, Jenny. I know you didn't murder that girl."

"Or Basil," said Jenny, in the queerest voice.

Tom put out his cigarette slowly in an ashtray on the table near him.

It was light enough then on the terrace to see quite clearly.

"I think," he said deliberately, "that if Alice had begged hard enough you could have forced yourself to shoot Basil. It wouldn't have been Alice just as surely as if she had pulled the trigger. I think that would have been possible. But only possible. I don't believe you killed Basil."

After a moment Jenny got up. Her slim figure moved to the edge of the terrace. She reached out in the dusk and broke a leaf from the hedge, and rolled it in her fingers and said without turning: "I tried to kill him."

"Jenny!" Tom was beside her in an instant.

"No, don't touch me. I—I'll tell you what I did. I haven't known what to do—everything I said was wrong—every lie I've made myself tell has just made things worse. That revolver—what I was trying to make them see was that the revolver wasn't in the house. That—that Basil had it."

Tom put out his arms and then didn't take her into them.

"He took it from you," he said quietly.

"Yes," Jenny still wouldn't turn. I could see her rolling and rolling the leaf in her fingers. Tom shoved his hands in his pockets.

"He took it from me," said Jenny. "But that wasn't it. I couldn't pull the trigger. I stood there with the revolver in my hand and tried to shoot him and couldn't. I thought it was right to do it—then. He smiled at me; he was so—so utterly loathsome. But I couldn't make my finger move. There wasn't any strength in it. I couldn't—"

I broke in: "Jenny, my dear, you don't realise what you're saying—"

Tom interrupted me. "Let her talk."

Jenny whirled round at that and faced Tom directly.

"Yes, I'll talk. I've wanted to tell you what happened, but I—couldn't. There's Alice. But now I'm—I'm afraid. It's gone too far. It didn't matter so much about Basil. I was glad he was dead—yes, I was glad and I don't care who knows it. But that girl—that's horrible. That's—Alice couldn't have done that. I don't know who could have done anything so brutal and horrible and— She was trembling.

One does say the silliest things in times of stress; I said: "Sit down, dear. Don't get upset—"

Jenny caught her breath sharply, looked at me and at Tom and sat down on the edge of her chair with her hands clutching each other upon her white lap.

"Don't you see," she said, making an obvious effort to control the emotions she had at last let go. "I'd made up my mind that Basil had to be killed. There was no other way out of it and he—he deserved killing. You oughtn't to have felt any more compunction about killing Basil Houlst than you would about killing a snake."

She took an unsteady breath and Tom said very gently: "But you couldn't kill a snake, Jenny dear. You couldn't kill anything."

Jenny hardly seemed to hear him. She said: "You see, that's why his fingerprints were on the revolver. But I don't know what happened after I left him."

Tom said slowly: "Let me get it all straight. After I went away that night, just what happened? You went and got the revolver—"

"No, I didn't. I'd already brought the revolver downstairs. I had it under my coat while you—while you were here."

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 3/3

That did seem to startle him.

"You don't mean that here on the terrace—"

"Yes," said Jenny. "Cousin Mary came into my room just as I was getting the revolver out of the drawer and loading it. She didn't see what I was doing. After she'd gone, I put it in the pocket that's on the inside of my blue evening cape. It made it sag; I thought you must have seen it. Then I came downstairs. Basil was waiting for me here on the terrace. I—I had promised him I'd come back and walk in the moonlight round the place. I—suggested it," said Jenny.

"Go on."

There was an undercurrent somewhere I couldn't clearly understand except that it existed. Tom's voice was all at once cold and abrupt.

"I came out on the terrace and he was sitting where you are, Cousin Mary. We were—talking when Tom came. I didn't hear him approach—"

"No," said Tom, "I was sure of that."

Jenny's voice, too, there in the deepening dusk, had changed, taking on a note of chill stiffness. It was growing rapidly darker; I couldn't see more of their faces than outlines; any nuance of expression was lost to me.

"You must have been surprised to see Basil," I said to Tom, and again was struck with the banality of it.

"Yes, I was. I was here perhaps half an hour—wasn't I, Jenny?"

"I suppose so," she said distantly. "We left Basil on the terrace, Cousin Mary, and—"

"And talked," said Tom rather grimly. "Go on, Jenny. After I left you came back and tried to shoot Basil? Is that right?" Something in it implied disbelief.

"Yes, I did," said Jenny. "After you went away we—we walked, Basil and I—"

"At your suggestion," Tom reminded her.

"And at the bridge, I—I took the revolver and told Basil to turn round and look at me and I—I tried to shoot him and I couldn't. I just couldn't. It was so—so different," said Jenny, "when it came to actually doing it. It seemed simple and—and easy when I only thought of it. But when it came to doing it—I—couldn't."

"Naturally," said Tom, and lit another cigarette. The flame showed his face fleetingly, eyes narrowed and shadowed. The match curved out into the soft darkness that lay

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 23.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 24.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, July 25.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, July 26.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, July 27.—Talk on the Middle East—Neenah Najar.

MONDAY, July 28.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, July 29.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

now beyond the hedge. "Then what did you do?"

"That," said Jenny, twisting her hands, "is hard to explain. You see, after he—laughed at me—as he did, you know, when he saw I had that revolver; he dared me to shoot him and—and still I couldn't. I can still see it, like a picture—Basil and the moonlight on the water and Hugo somewhere near. And Basil came, finally, laughing, and took the revolver out of my hand and I didn't even try to hold it."

"Yes," said Tom, "go on."

"Well, I—I came back to the house. I didn't know what to do. It was dark out here on the terrace and I sat here a long time, wondering what to do. Thinking of the things I would say to Basil when he came back to the house. But I didn't see Basil again. It got later and later, but I didn't think of that. The moon was so white over everything—and then—"

"Jenny," I began and stopped, for I had been on that terrace and there'd been no one. The moonlight was so clear and white that if Jenny had been there I would have seen her at once. Neither appeared to have heard me speak.

To be continued



## A RECIPE FOR Smart Savouries

When the last "rubber" comes to an exciting close you'll be proud to introduce your "Anchovette" Savouries, and see how guests will admire your cleverness! See these fascinating appetisers and savouries illustrated in natural colours and described in "How to be a Successful Hostess," a wonderful new recipe book presented to you with the compliments of Peck's, makers of "Anchovette" and "Salmon and Shrimp" Fish pastes—the best pastes money can buy!

PECK'S **Anchovette** and "SALMON & SHRIMP" PASTES

GARRY PECK & CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD., NEWINGTON AVENUE, ROSEBURY STATION, N.S.W.

Enclosure 2d. in stamps for my copy of "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**Anchovette Hors d'Oeuvre Paste** . . . . . These delicious, delicate pastes are served as appetisers before luncheon, dinner or at supper and bridge parties. They may be plain or dressed, and served hot or cold. Anchovettes provide the necessary seasoning for all types. Its smoothness is ideal in numerous recipes for piping or spreading on cold meats and biscuits. Its texture is so moist that it has not appeared, and it has a distinctive and piquant flavour.



## OUCH!



Say "how do you do" to Merle Greenwood. Merle says, "there's nothing like figure-skating for the figure. The only catch is that when you sit down to have a rest you're likely to catch a chill, but I beat Old Man Flu by having a steaming hot cup of Bonox at the buffet." Yes, Bonox keeps your head above the flu line. Bonox pours glorious new strength into your bloodstream. Drop into any cafe, hotel or milk bar for a steaming cupful of Bonox. Buy some to-night.

K18



# The Homemaker

July 26, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

31

## HAIR STYLES GO CUBAN . . .

● There's beauty in sleek hair, and those who admire it will welcome the news from the U.S.A. that the South American and Cuban influence will be reflected in many of the new hair styles.

By JANETTE

**T**HE movement which has been on foot now for some time to bring the two Americas more closely together has found reflection in fashion.

First clothes . . . now hair styles reflect the closer ties between North and South America.

Beauty expert Max Factor, jun., predicts that this South American influence will make a radical difference in the smart woman's coiffure.

The hair will be moulded smoothly to the scalp and held in place with some ornament, either small combs or the large shell type for evening wear.

The tendency of these moulded hair styles is to give added dignity and womanliness.

Some of the South American and Cuban hair styles which are popular are shown on this page.

Most of the coiffures have a centre parting and the side hair is either brushed back sleekly or given a slight softening wave and lift as shown in the top right picture, for those who can't wear the very severe style.



**THE CUBAN COIFFURE** for evening wear. The hair is parted in centre, brushed closely to the head and arranged in a simple bun at the nape of the neck. The large shell comb adds the glamorous touch.



**THIS LOVELY HAIR STYLE**—a variation of a South American coiffure—is worn by Maureen O'Hara, film star. From either side of a centre parting the hair is softly waved, while the back hair is arranged closely to the head.



**THIS IDEA** of wearing small combs in the hair comes from Cuba. Here the hair is held close to the head on either side with the combs, and the back is formed into a roll.



**ANOTHER EVENING STYLE**, showing the South American influence. The top front hair is worn in a bang of flat curls, while the rest of the hair is brushed close to the head.



**BE WISE**

GET YOUR NEW IMPROVED

# Tek

TOOTH BRUSH

WITH

## Special EGG CUP



The new, improved Tek Toothbrush lasts four times longer than old-style toothbrushes, because Tek's natural bristles are treated with a patented Johnson & Johnson process. These better bristles keep their better shape and keep on cleaning your teeth long after four ordinary brushes would be worn out.

Insist on the new Tek and make sure you get the attractive coloured egg cup. Price 1/9, everywhere.

Product of Johnson & Johnson, World's largest makers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Mollin, etc.



# Espionage!



The handsome stranger may be charming . . . his repartee amusing . . . his attentions overwhelming — but the small detail of a head too closely cropped reveals the horrible truth — a SPY !

Beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing. As with spies so with lamp bulbs. Learn the distinction between cheap masqueraders and pre-tested Mazda Lamps of proven reputation . . . Buy MAZDA Lamps . . . THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!



Advertisement of

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England.

W.A. Distributors: Atkins (W.A.) Ltd.

# MAZDA

## ELECTRIC LAMPS

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL **COLES STORES** THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



Of course you can make

# GOOD SCONES

● If you can make a good scone you are well on the way to being a really good cook. But perhaps you feel uncertain about your culinary skill at scone-making. If so, just follow the hints given below and success should be yours.

By MARY FORBES

● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

HERE are recipes—new and old—for sweet and savory scones. Serve some hot, others cold.

All are delicious and thoroughly tested.

## FARM SCONES

One pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon baking powder, 1 cup cream, 1½ cups sour milk.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder three times. Stir in cream and then sour milk, mixing to a soft dough. Knead on a lightly-floured board; roll to ½-inch thickness and cut into triangles. Place on a hot floured tray, glaze with milk and cook in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Wrap in tea-towel after removing from oven.

## DATE BRAN SCONES

One and half cups flour, 1 cup bran, 1½ dessertspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1½ dessertspoons butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, nutmeg, and baking powder well and rub in butter. Add sugar, dates, and bran. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly, roll and cut. Cook in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

## MINIATURE SAVORY SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon grated lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup milk, 2 hard-boiled eggs, anchovy paste, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne; add mustard and lemon rind and rub in butter. Mix to a soft dough, knead and roll to ½-inch thickness. Spread half with butter and anchovy paste

## REMEMBER THESE POINTS

Measure carefully.

Sift dry ingredients well.

Mix quickly and only until flour has absorbed milk.

Note all recipes given below say a soft dough—that means just dry enough to handle.

Knead lightly for a smooth surface; but if you haven't a light hand forget the kneading; it's better to have a rough surface than a heavy scone.

Keep the mixture cool and handle only as much as is necessary.

The hot oven is absolutely essential for the golden, light scone.

and cover with finely-chopped egg. Glaze remaining half with milk and fold over. Cut into small rounds, glaze, and bake in hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Serve with spring onions and salad greens.

## PIQUANT PRAWN SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons curry powder, dash of cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 pint picked prawns, mayonnaise, salad greens.

Sift dry ingredients well and rub in butter; mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead, roll and cut into small rounds. Place on a greased tray, glaze with egg and milk, and bake in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. When cold, top with prawn and

serve with mayonnaise and salad greens.

## CELERY CHEESE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, cubes of celery cheese, celery salt, celery curls.

Sift flour and salt, and rub in butter. Mix to a soft dough with milk and beaten egg. Knead lightly and cut. Place on oven tray and press a small cube of celery cheese into each. Glaze with egg and milk, and sprinkle lightly with celery salt. Place on a greased tray and cook in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) about 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold with celery curls.

## WHOLEMEAL HONEY SCONES

One cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup white self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup honey, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flours, salt and nutmeg. Add lemon rind and rub in butter. Mix to a soft dough with the honey, beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly, roll and cut. Glaze with a little milk and egg and bake in a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

## PINEAPPLE CHEESE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, 1oz. butter, 2oz. sharp, grated cheese, 1½ gills milk, 1 cup pineapple cubes, paprika.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in butter, add cheese, and mix to soft dough with the milk. Roll ½ inch thick and cut into rounds. Place on an oven tray. Press a cube of pineapple into top of each scone, glaze with milk and sprinkle lightly with paprika. Cook in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

## CINNAMON ROLLETTE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup grated apple, 1 tablespoon currants, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

Sift flour and salt; rub in butter and mix to a fairly soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll to an oblong, 1-3rd inch thick. Brush with milk and spread evenly with combined apple, currants, cinnamon, brown sugar, and lemon rind. Roll firmly as for a swiss roll. Cut into ½-inch slices and place on a greased oven tray. Bake in a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes.



## SCONES

—new and old.

Those at top left are farm scones with raisins; at top right cinnamon rollette scones, delicious for afternoon tea; and, below, piquant prawn scones, appetising for supper. . . . Recipes for making these delicious scones are given below.

*Meals that plan themselves*

To-day, housewives appreciate these quick tasty meals ready prepared to heat and enjoy—  
Rosella Pork & Beans, Sausages & Vegetables, Spaghetti with Cheese, Double strength Soup.

**Rosella**  
OVER 100 PURE FOODS

**BUILDS MUSCLE FOR HIM!**

**SAVES HER WORK AND MONEY**

Creamoata, unlike denatured cereals, is prepared from prime, sun-drenched oat kernels by a gentle, patented "Pan-Toasting" process. Because of this scientific preparation it is a prolific provider of vital vitamins A, B1 and E, and active body-building minerals. Doctors recommend Creamoata for growing and backward children.

Creamoata is the busy housewife's best friend. It takes 5 minutes to prepare a piping hot Creamoata breakfast, 3 large plates cost only 1 penny, and it's crammed with delicious, nourishing goodness.

**CREAMOATA & 'DIMPLE OATIES'**

"The Enemy of Malnutrition"



## First prize for . . .

## BISCUIT RECIPE

● An economical mixture for biscuits was selected by our cookery expert as the best recipe for the week. Other entries have been awarded consolation prizes and are published below together with the first prize recipe.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is simplicity itself to enter. All you have to do is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send in to this office.

Remember to give ingredients, method and cooking time. If for oven dish, give approximate oven heat.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

So your pet recipe may be worth cash to you if you send it to us.

## DANDY BISCUITS (eggless)

Melt 1 tablespoon golden syrup and 1lb. butter in small pan, add 1 tablespoon boiling water in which 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda has been dissolved.

Have ready in mixing bowl 1 tea-cup each flour, sugar, and coconut, 1 crushed wholewheat biscuit, and 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Mix melted mixture with dry ingredients, and drop teaspoonfuls on slide in not too hot an oven, allowing room for spreading. Allow to cool on slide a little before removing with an egg-slice.

First Prize of £1 to Miss E. Smith, Catulu, Gippsland, Vic.

## DEVILLED LAMB CUTLETS

Make a sauce as follows: 2 cups brown sauce or gravy, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, a pinch ground ginger, pepper, salt, and little cayenne to taste. If liked, 1 dessertspoon chutney may be added. Sauce should be fairly thick.

Grill cutlets in usual way and dip in sauce and place under griller for few minutes. Dish up in border of creamed potatoes and fill centre with green peas. Remaining sauce may be served separately and can be thinned down with a little more stock or gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Helen Ruff, 16a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS: A velvet evening gown like this one worn by Merle Oberon, Warner Bros., looks its best only if the velvet is unmarked in any way. To remove creases, water spots, and bring up the pile of velvet, hang the gown over a bath of steaming hot water.

# « RESULTS OF AUTHENTIC NATIONAL SURVEY » CONDUCTED AMONG AUSTRALIAN DENTISTS

(Ask Your Chemist for the Facts)



DENTISTS CHOOSE IPANA  
FOR PERSONAL USE  
3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

Follow the lead of these dentists!  
Start to-day using Ipana and massage  
. . . for firmer gums, brighter teeth,  
a lovelier smile.

## GUARD AGAINST "PINK" ON YOUR TOOTH BRUSH ... WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



Mary: "Say, what's this? 'Pink' on my tooth brush of all things!"

Tom: "Oh-oh! If you're a smart girl, Sis, you won't fool around for one minute with 'pink tooth brush'! Perhaps it doesn't mean you're in for serious trouble. But it's a warning just the same. You run along to the dentist this very morning. He'll set you straight."



Dentist: "Your brother is a wise young man, Mary. Your gums have become soft and weak. You see, to-day's creamy foods deny gums the exercise they need. So your gums as well as your teeth need regular care. It's daily gum massage for you!"

Mary: "Yes, doctor. From now on I'll use Ipana and massage. And I'll start right to-day."

WHAT dentifrices do dentists use themselves? The facts, revealed by the National Survey conducted among Australian dentists show that there is one answer to this question—Ipana, the tooth paste specially designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums.

Here are the actual findings:

Ipana is personally used by three times as many dentists as any other dentifrice . . . paste or powder.

Let this 3 to 1 preference for Ipana help you in selecting Ipana for yourself and your family. Why not get a tube to-day . . . and begin now the daily use of Ipana and massage? Discover how much this sound and sensible habit helps you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling and brilliant smile.



Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. Regular Size 1/- Super Size 2/-.

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

## ORANGE ROLL

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. fine shredded suet, golden syrup, 1 cup raisins, 1 orange.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Rub in suet and mix to fairly stiff dough with little water. Roll out in, thick and spread with golden syrup. Scatter raisins over, add grated rind and juice of 1 orange. Roll up, tie in floured cloth, put in boiling water and boil 2½ hours. Serve with whipped cream and orange sauce.

Thicken 1½ cups boiling water with 1 tablespoon cornflour and 3 heaped tablespoons sugar mixed to smooth paste with little water, add 1 dessertspoon butter and juice 1 orange and a squeeze of lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, Rosemead, Moonta, S.A.

## BREADED PORK CHOPS WITH APPLE RINGS

Five pork chops, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, little powdered sage, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, seasoning, 4 cooking apples, 1 dessertspoon flour.

Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper, then powdered sage. Dip in beaten egg-yolk, then fine breadcrumbs.

Fry in little fat till nicely browned. Keep meat hot.

Core but do not peel apples, and cut crosswise in thick slices. Dip apple rings in flour, then fry brown in pork fat.

Pour off most of fat, stir in flour, then add milk, season with salt and pepper.

Four creamy sauce over chops, serve with apple rings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Holmes, 87 Barkly St., North Fitzroy, Vic.

## ECONOMY PLUM PUDDING

Two cups stale bread crusts (wholemeal is best) soaked and pressed dry through colander, 1 cup wholemeal flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon dripping, cup mixed stoned raisins and currants, lemon peel, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 cup milk.

Mix very moist and steam 3 hours in buttered basin.

Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in saucepan, add 2 tablespoons plain

flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, and blend smoothly. Mix in gradually 1½ to 2 pints milk. Stir until it boils.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Alison Russell, 32 Farmer St., North Perth.

## MINT JELLY

Six pounds tart cooking apples, 2½ quarts water, 3 lemons, bunch mint, few drops green coloring.

Wash apples and remove blemishes. Do not peel or core. Slice roughly, put into saucepan with water and simmer for one hour until apples are well pulped. Add juice of lemons. Reboil for five minutes longer. Strain through jelly-bag and allow to drip overnight. Weigh extract. Put into a saucepan, add equal weight of sugar and a bunch of mint tied in net bag. Boil hard until jelly sets when tested on a cold plate. Remove bag of mint and add a tablespoon of finely-chopped mint and green coloring (coloring is optional, but makes jelly more attractive). Stir well and bring to boil again. Put into hot sterilized jars immediately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. M. Stanley, Idylway, Jarrahandra Rd., via Gundagai, N.S.W.

## BRAISED PORK FILLET

(With Sweet Potato Cones)

Select nice thick pork fillets and make a slit down side. Fill with seasoning made as follows:

To 1½ cups of fine white breadcrumbs add 1 small onion and 2 tablespoons of sultanas, finely chopped, a little grated lemon rind, some chopped parsley, pepper, and celery salt. Bind with a well-beaten egg. Fill pockets in fillets, sew up securely, and roll in seasoned flour. Brown well all over in smoking hot lard. Arrange in saucepan and pour over 1½ cups of white stock with 1 tablespoon each of tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, and lemon juice added. Cover and simmer slowly 1½ hours.

Sweet Potato Cones: Peel 2 medium-sized potatoes and 2 tart cooking apples. Cook together very slowly with very little water and a dessertspoon of butter. Mash well together, add sugar to taste, grated nutmeg, cinnamon, and ginger. With floured hands form into tall cones, dust with sugar, place in a shallow dish, and bake till nicely browned and crusted.

Arrange fillets on hot dish, stand cones around at intervals and fill spaces with green peas.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Mack, 5 Gordon Ave., Elwood S3, Vic.



# STINGING PLANTS AND SHRUBS

—varieties the gardener should avoid

● In recent months I have received many letters from gardeners complaining of the effects upon their skin of certain plants, notably primulas and that rather pretty shrub, *rhus toxicodendron*.

Says  
Our Home Gardener

**I**N some cases people with rather delicate or sensitive skins have developed what is termed dermatitis, a condition somewhat allied to eczema.

It is most irritating and painful, and in some cases results in partial crippling of the patients' hands.

This trouble is quite common in Australia, and, although not always caused by toxic plants, is capable of being transmitted by quite a number of plants, shrubs, and trees commonly grown in the garden.

While *rhus toxicodendron*, sometimes called poison ivy here, although not a member of the ivy family, is chiefly responsible for the trouble, there are many others capable of causing intense irritation.

*Rhus toxicodendron* is a rather handsome shrub, the leaves of which turn pink, red, bronze, and purple in autumn. It is closely allied to the poison ivy of America, *rhus vernix*, which causes most people intense agony if touched or blundered into.

There is also a variety known as *rhus diversiloba* or poison oak, which has similar hairy glands capable of causing much irritation if handled by people allergic to dermatitis.

Even *primula malacoides*, the delicate mauve flower so popular in the gardens at this time of the year, causes slight irritation to such people when handled, and its bigger brother, *primula obconica*, is well known to many professional and amateur gardeners for its irritating properties.

Other varieties of primulas that should be handled carefully by people with sensitive skins are *vulgaris*, *sinensis*, *farinosa*, *mollis*, *reticulata* and *auricula*, most of which cause a red rash on the skin.

## Necessary treatment

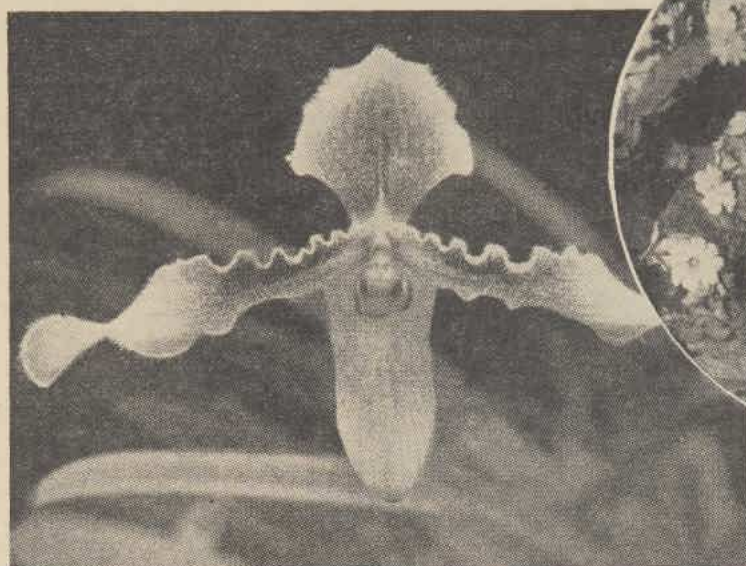
**D**IFFERENT authorities recommend different remedies, and doubtless the personal element is important, but the following has been found effective in many cases: Wash the hands and other body parts that have come into contact with poisonous plants with a strong alkaline soap.

Make a profuse lather, apply with a soft brush or cloth, and rinse well, repeating the process three or four times, taking care not to break the skin. Then dab the skin with cotton-wool wet with grain alcohol (not wood alcohol or methylated spirit), repeating this several times.

I give this because I have several times been asked by readers for a remedy against irritating plants.

Some years ago a child complained to me that her hands were burning after picking a bunch of common buttercups. On examination of the tiny fingers and palms I found evidence of a rash, and later learned that this plant is one that has been known for years as an irritant.

Fig-pickers on the Murrumbidgee irrigation area and lantana-cutters on the North Coast of N.S.W. were granted extra pay for their work some years ago because



ABOVE: *Primula obconica*, well known to gardeners for its irritating properties.

LEFT: The orchid, *cypripedium hirsutissimum*, which sometimes causes a prickly sensation and soreness if the stems are handled.

of the irritating effect of fig juice and the unpleasant drying and cracking effect of lantana on the hands. Many other plants, such as the common weed *euphorbia peplus* or petty spurge, affect the hands of some people if a quantity of the sap is absorbed by the skin.

Cyclamens have been known for many years as irritants, and *citrus vulgaris* oil and citronella, both of a vegetable nature, are very irritating to sensitive skins.

*Daphne* bark if bruised and rubbed on the skin will cause blisters and reddening, and the common sundew or *drosera* will raise small blisters and a rash.

## Orchids, too

**M**ANY of the slipper orchids, *cypripedium*, particularly *hirsutissimum*, will cause a prickly sensation and some soreness if the stems are handled.

But the *rhus toxicodendron* and its allied species are easily the worst offenders and should never be planted in the garden by people subject to such skin troubles.

The pretty plant known as "Snow on the Mountain," a species of *euphorbia*, is another capable of causing intense irritation if frequently handled. This has a juicy, white, milk-like sap, which stains the hands and causes prickly sensations and rash on susceptible people.

One of our common weeds, parsley fern or hemlock, is most poisonous when handled extensively, and the milky mangrove or "blind-your-eyes" has a most corrosive juice which has caused many serious injuries to cutters when it has squirted into their eyes.

*Tagetes glandulifera* (Stinking Roger) is another plant that has caused innumerable temporary casualties among men engaged in cutting this common weed. It has a most disagreeable smell and the small glandular hairs cause considerable inflammation not only to the hands but to the eyes and nose when the plant is dry.

The active principle of most stinging trees and plants is formic acid, which, entering minute wounds made by the sharply-bent tips of the hairs, causes the blisters and irritating symptoms.

In the case of *rhus* and many others, the plants set up eruptions and swellings. Blisters form on the skin surface and these weep copiously like those of eczema, the glands of the neck become enlarged, and victims often experience much difficulty in swallowing or talking.

# "I've a committee meeting to-night, Mrs. Higgins..

I DAREN'T TAKE HEAVY PUDDING"



## No heavy feeling after pudding made with COPHA

Pudding made with Copha can't possibly make you feel heavy or sleepy, because it's so light and spongy. And very digestible. Copha is easy to use, too—creams up quickly, mixes in easily—and has no flavour of its own to hide the full, delicious goodness of all the other ingredients. Winter time is pudding time. Your menfolk will be calling for plenty—but be sure to make them with Copha. Buy the economical 1-lb. packet—it will keep fresh till you need it.



### Mrs. Higgins' Recipe for STEAMED DATE PUDDING

3 ozs. COPHA  
2 ozs. Sugar  
1 Egg  
3 tablespoon Milk  
Pinch of Salt

6 ozs. Dates (stoned and cut into quarters)  
6 ozs. Plain Flour  
1 medium teaspoon of Baking Powder

Cream the Copha and sugar. Slightly whisk the eggs and milk together, and add to the mixture. Stir in the dates, also the flour, sifted with baking powder and salt. Mix well. Turn into greased basin. Cover with greaseproof paper and steam for 1½ hours. Serve hot with white sauce.



COPHA MAKES PUDDINGS LIGHTER—EASY TO DIGEST



FREE—A book containing 100 Copha recipes from F.O.I. Dept. F. Box 34252, G.P.O., Sydney.



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to G. Turner & Son, 205 Flinders Street, Melbourne.





## Bathtowels and other useful Gifts for DAD CARTON FRONTS

Reference No. 101 — Bath Towel, coloured, heavy absorbent pile, hard-wearing. Medium size, for 30 points. Reference No. 102 — Bath Towel, coloured, very heavy and extra large, for 48 points. 1/2-sized Dad Washing Tablets Carton Fronts count 2 points.



Dad Washing Tablets are amazing. They clean out all dirt and grease without work, without effort. They will not harm the most delicate materials. Do your washing the new, sure, Dad way.

**DAD WASHING TABLETS**

Write for further details and special coloured folder listing all gifts available to—  
Dad Gifts, Post Office Box 45,  
CAMDENOWN, N.S.W.

This offer does not apply in South Australia.

### The Australian Women's Weekly

#### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



No. 113: The authentic U.S. aviation insignia decorates this jaunty pillbox hat and large zippered bag of Cesarine designed for beach or sports wear. Obtainable at our Needlework Department.

### Sturdy ranger suit

THIS practical suit is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on linora (which washes and launders beautifully) in cream, blue, white, lemon, pink, and green. The pattern is clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Work is in a bright shade of blue No. F484 or 485 in buttonhole-stitch and stem-stitch. Sizes 1-2 years.

price 3/3 complete suit; 2-4 years, price 3/9 complete suit. Paper pattern only, price 1/3. Embroidery transfer, 1/3 extra.

#### SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 3884, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4009, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 1856, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 9, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4016, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4888W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St., or Dalmen House, 115 Pitt St., Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1856, G.P.O. Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

### Coat-frock and bonnet

● Picture your baby daughter in this cosy little coat-frock with bonnet to match.



No. 111: An enchanting set for tiny girls. Notice the charming touches of embroidery.

THIS set may be obtained from our Needlework Department, already traced with the pattern clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. It is so simple to make up, too. Work the embroidery design in buttonhole, satin-stitch, and stem-stitch.

It is available in good-quality winceyette in cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green, also in wool crepe in pink and blue.

Sizes 1-2 years: Coat-frock in winceyette 3/11; bonnet, 1/6; complete set, 5/2. Coat-frock in wool crepe, 8/11; bonnet, 2/11; complete set, 11/3.

Sizes 2-4 years: Coat-frock in winceyette 4/3; bonnet, 1/9; complete set, 5/6. Coat-frock in wool crepe, 9/11; bonnet, 3/3; complete set, 12/9. Paper pattern, 1/6 complete set.

### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

## HAT AND BAG SET

Designed in America

IF you want to cut a dashing figure on the beach next season, now is the time to plan your wardrobe. Make a really brilliant start with this gay new hat and bag set. When finished, it looks so attractive that you will want to team it with all your summer frocks.

This cute pillbox hat and the whopping, round bag are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready to cut out and make up in Cesarine in red, white, and blue, blue and white, or red and white. Price, 2/11 each, plus 1d. postage, or 4/6 set, plus 2d. postage. Paper pattern only, 1/7 set.



No. 110

No. 110: Flattering new blouse that adds new life to your winter suit. Available at our Needlework Department.

### Dainty blouse

In pretty pastels

THIS blouse may be obtained from our Needlework Department, traced ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. It is available in good-quality georgette in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green and is so easy to make.

The embroidery should be done in a color to harmonise with the color of material chosen. When the embroidery is completed attach a narrow black ribbon around the neckline for a delightful finish.

Obtainable in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Price, 8/9 complete, plus 3d. postage. Paper pattern only, price 1/3. No embroidery design available.



No. 112

No. 112: Small boys will like the tailored comfort of this suit.

For Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

# Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

## Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of 'Elasto'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up and leg wounds heal naturally, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

### Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy, circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

### What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."  
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."  
"Now free from piles."  
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."

"Heart is quite sound again now."  
"Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."  
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

### Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1234 E. Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

**Elasto will save you pounds!**

## SORRY-BUT YOU'RE WRONG



A POUND OF FEATHERS IS NOT LIGHTER THAN A POUND OF LEAD.



CENTRAL HEATING IS NOT NEW. THEY HAD IT IN ROME 1800 YEARS AGO.



A CAUL DOES NOT PREVENT ITS POSSESSOR FROM BEING DROWNED.



HASTY EATING DOES NOT NECESSARILY CAUSE INDIGESTION.

**BUT 95% OF INDIGESTION IS CAUSED BY EXCESS ACID IN THE STOMACH—WHICH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR SPEED OF EATING!**

You must neutralise excess acid. Bismarated Magnesia does this—that's why it stops indigestion pains in five minutes. Bismarated Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, gives instant and lasting relief. Sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies, 2/6 large size, 1/9 standard.



## CABLE-STITCH JACKET

**START** knitting this entrancing little jacket now and you'll have lots of wear out of it before the really warm days arrive.

Here are the instructions:

**Materials:** 10oz. Virella or Ramada 4-ply knitting yarn; pair each of Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; a crochet hook, size No. 1; 8 buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit a 36-inch bust: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 18½ ins.; sleeve seam, 6½ ins.; shoulder seam, 4½ ins.

**Tension:** 1 pattern to 2½ ins. in width (when pressed); 9 rows to 1 in. in depth.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; \* . . \* marks portion of pattern to be repeated; rep., repeat.

### BACK

Cast on 100 sts. on No. 10 needles, work in rib k 2, p 2 for 4 ins., then change to No. 8 needles and increase to 144 sts., thus: K 6, \* k 1, k 2



CLOSE-UP of the new cable-stitch used in knitting the jacket on this page.

into next st., rep. from \* to last 6 sts., k 6. Now work in the following pattern:

1st Row: \* P 2, k 14, p 2, \*

2nd Row: \* K 2, p 14, k 2, \*

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: As 1st row.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: As 1st row.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

9th Row: \* P 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep front, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, k 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep back, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, p 2, \*

10th Row: As 2nd row.

11th Row: \* P 2, k 6, p 2, k 6, p 2, \*

12th Row: \* K 2, p 6, k 2, p 6, k 2, \*

13th Row: As 11th row.

14th Row: As 12th row.

15th Row: As 1st row.

16th Row: As 2nd row.

17th Row: \* P 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep back, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, k 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep front, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, p 2, \*

18th Row: As 2nd row.

This completes the pattern. Repeat from 1st row. Knit straight up until work measures 12 inches, then shape armholes thus:

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of each of the next 4 rows, now k 2 tog. at beg. and end of each row until 108 sts. remain. Cont. working straight up until work measures 18½ ins.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows and 11 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remaining 44 sts. straight across.

### RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 60 sts. on No. 10 needles, work in rib k 2, p 2 for 4 ins., then change to No. 8 needles and increase to 108 sts., thus: K 6, \* k 1, k 2

into next st., rep. from \* to last 6 sts., k 6. Now work in the following pattern:

1st Row: \* P 2, k 14, p 2, \*

2nd Row: \* K 2, p 14, k 2, \*

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: As 1st row.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: As 1st row.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

9th Row: \* P 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep front, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, k 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep back, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, p 2, \*

10th Row: As 2nd row.

11th Row: \* P 2, k 6, p 2, k 6, p 2, \*

12th Row: \* K 2, p 6, k 2, p 6, k 2, \*

13th Row: As 11th row.

14th Row: As 12th row.

15th Row: As 1st row.

16th Row: As 2nd row.

17th Row: \* P 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep back, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, k 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep front, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, p 2, \*

18th Row: As 2nd row.

This completes the pattern. Repeat from 1st row. Knit straight up until work measures 12 inches, then shape armholes thus:

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of each of the next 4 rows, now k 2 tog. at beg. and end of each row until 108 sts. remain. Cont. working straight up until work measures 18½ ins.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows and 11 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remaining 44 sts. straight across.

### LEFT FRONT

Cast on 60 sts. on No. 10 needles, work in rib k 2, p 2 for 4 ins., then change to No. 8 needles and increase to 108 sts., thus: K 6, \* k 1, k 2

into next st., rep. from \* to last 6 sts., k 6. Now work in the following pattern:

1st Row: \* P 2, k 14, p 2, \*

2nd Row: \* K 2, p 14, k 2, \*

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: As 1st row.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: As 1st row.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

9th Row: \* P 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep front, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, k 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep back, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, p 2, \*

10th Row: As 2nd row.

11th Row: \* P 2, k 6, p 2, k 6, p 2, \*

12th Row: \* K 2, p 6, k 2, p 6, k 2, \*

13th Row: As 11th row.

14th Row: As 12th row.

15th Row: As 1st row.

16th Row: As 2nd row.

17th Row: \* P 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep back, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, k 2, slip 3 sts. on spare needle, keep front, k 3, k 3 off spare needle, p 2, \*

18th Row: As 2nd row.

This completes the pattern. Repeat from 1st row. Knit straight up until work measures 12 inches, then shape armholes thus:

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of each of the next 4 rows, now k 2 tog. at beg. and end of each row until 108 sts. remain. Cont. working straight up until work measures 18½ ins.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows and 11 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remaining 44 sts. straight across.



THE CHARM of this jacket lies in the interesting new cable-stitch in which it is knitted. The instructions are on this page.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge 3 times. Cast off remaining 11 sts.

### LEFT FRONT

Work exactly as for other side, decreasing for armhole and neck at opposite ends, and not making any buttonholes.

### SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 64 sts. on No. 10 needles, k 2, p 2 for 2½ ins., change to No. 8 needles, and increase to 108 sts., thus: K 10, \* k 1, k 2

into next st., rep. from \* to last 10 sts., k 10. Work straight up for 6 ins.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of each of next 4 rows, then k 2 tog. at beginning and end of every row until 36 sts. remain. Cast off.

### COLLAR

Cast on 106 sts. on No. 10 needles, and work in k 2, p 2 rib for 3 ins. Cast off loosely in rib.

### TO MAKE UP

Back-stitch all seams neatly and firmly. Overwork collar neatly to neck of garment. Work one row of crochet down each front to make edges firm. Press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

## Sleeveless pullover for a man

**MATERIALS:** 6ozs. of Ramada Super Fingering wool, 4-ply; 1 pair of No. 9 knitting needles; 1 set of 4 No. 12 knitting needles.

**Measurements:** Length from shoulder to lower edge, 21 inches. Chest, 37 inches.

**Tension:** Using No. 9 needles, 6½ sts. to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; ins., inches.

### FRONT

With 2 No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3½ in. Change to No. 9 needles and p 1 row.

Now work in following pattern:

1st Row: \* K 1, p 2, k 1. Rep. from \* to end of row.

2nd Row: P to end.

Rep. these 2 rows twice.

Continuing in pattern, increase 1 st. at each end of next row, then each end of every following 6th row until 124 sts. are on needle; working the extra sts. into the pattern.

Now continue without shaping until work measures 13 ins. from lower edge, ending with a p row.

**To Shape Armholes:** Keeping pattern correct, cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows.

3rd Row: Cast off 2, pattern to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.



CLOSE-UP of the stitch.

Rep. 3rd row 7 times, (36 sts. remain.)

Now continue in pattern without shaping until work measures 19 ins. from lower edge, ending with a p row.

**To Shape Neck and Shoulders:** Next Row: Pattern 36, cast off 14, pattern to end. Leave former set of sts. on a spare needle and work on last 36 sts. thus:

1st Row: Pattern to the last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

2nd Row: Cast off 2, pattern to end.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

Next 5 Rows: Work in pattern, decreasing 1 st. at the neck edge in every row.

14th Row: Pattern to end.

15th Row: (Commencing at the armhole edge) cast off 4, pattern to end.

16th Row: Pattern to end.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

Cast off 3 sts.

Transfer the sts. from the spare needle on to a No. 9 needle with the point to the inner edge and work as follows:

Continued on page 38



SLEEVELESS PULLOVER for a man. Instructions on this page.

## WHY BE FAT?

LOSE 4 TO 7 lbs. IN THE FIRST WEEK

NO DIET OR EXERCISE

JUST

TAKE

BONKORA

DAILY



Most fat people lose 1lb. a day this safe, quick way. You can, too, even if your ugly fat has seemed a hopeless burden. BonKora reduces heaviest parts first, so after the first few days you will see double chin, fat on hips, bust, and waist disappear, giving way to slim, youthful curves.

Eat hearty meals yet lose fat

No need to starve. Eat delicious meals throughout treatment. BonKora's triple action reduces at triple speed. Take four each day as directed on package, and gain new health and vigour.

BonKora contains no harmful drugs—no

thyroid

It is absolutely harmless . . . It is in fact beneficial to your system. Get a bottle—4/6 at all chemists—and start this quick treatment now! No increase in price because of Sales Tax. If your chemist cannot supply, send 4/6 in postal note to World Agencies, Pacific House, 249 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

## Serious Chances

Are Taken in Neglecting a Simple Case of Piles

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of Piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic and there is also danger of ulceration, and forming of Fistula, both very difficult to cure. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no detention from daily occupation, and the many cures made by it have made it famous in every corner of the world. It enjoys a greater demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other Pile remedy ever placed on the market.

Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Remember the name DOAN'S.

## KIDNEY TROUBLE

Laid me up for 6 months



Now says he is

Quite a different man

Mr. H. H. suffered sharp stabbing pains and the continual dull ache in the back that are Nature's warning of Kidney Trouble. He writes:—

"I was laid up for six months and suffered terribly with kidney and bladder trouble. Recently my wife advised me to try a bottle of De Witt's Pills, with the result that after the first few doses I began to get quick relief. Altogether I used only four bottles and now I feel quite a different man. I trust this statement will be the means of relieving those who have gone through what I have."

If you have a general feeling of weakness, backache, pains in the muscles and joints, these are signs that your kidneys are weak and clogged with impurities. The poisons they should remove are remaining in the system and causing all this pain.

De Witt's Pills are made specially for weak kidneys. In 24 hours you get visible proof of their effectiveness. De Witt's Pills cleanse the kidneys—they tone them up and strengthen them. Thus your trouble is ended and pain disappears because the cause has been removed—at the very root.

## DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Approval No. 179

Specially for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/11 and 6/-

*The secret of*  
**SMOOTH WHITE HANDS...**

**One**

When your hands are red and rough, smooth some of Pond's Hand Lotion into your skin. It feels so silky and soothing—never greasy or sticky.

**Two**

Because Pond's Hand Lotion feels so good you can leave it on all night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a rich, concentrated skin-softer, so you use less of it.

**Three**

**Do this every night for soft white hands...**

Just before stepping into bed each night sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage in well with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After this treatment you will be thrilled to see how much whiter and smoother your hands become.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/3 a bottle at all stores and chemists, and 1/10 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.

**★ Your chemist recommends it.**



## New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
  2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
  3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
  4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
  5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.
- 15 MILLION jars of ArRID have been sold. Try a jar today!

### ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9d. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.  
Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

## SKIN DISEASE SPREAD and SPREAD but *Germolene* Banished It

SKIN diseases spread at an alarming rate unless you attack them quickly. Here is a case where an intensely irritating and unsightly trouble spread and spread from fingers along both arms right to the elbows. The maddening itching was such torture that hands and arms had to be bandaged to prevent constant scratching. All remedies failed to give relief until *Germolene* came to the rescue! Here is the actual report which YOU should read.

### "A MARVELLOUS CURE"

Mr. H. T. writes:—"I am writing in reference to the marvellous cure your *GERMOLENE* Ointment has effected in my case. Some time ago I contracted a skin disease. At first it started on the back of both my hands. It quickly spread between my fingers and on the undersides of my forearms up to the elbow. I tried at least a dozen different ointments and lotions. The itching was so bad that I had to bandage my arms to prevent myself from scratching all the time, especially at night. I eventually tried *GERMOLENE*. To my great relief it eased the terrible itching at once. I applied it three times a day which effected a complete cure. Now you cannot find a trace of it on my skin."

**GERMOLENE  
HEALS  
ECZEMA  
BAD LEG  
PIMPLES  
BURNS  
INSECT BITES  
SUNBURN  
ULCERS  
PILES**

## Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

From all Chemists and Stores. Price 1/7 & 3/8  
Agents: H. F. BLYTHE (Aust.) (Pty.) LTD.,  
(Incl. in Vic.)  
250/304 William Street, Melbourne.  
E394-40

Printed and published by Consolidated Press  
Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## The Doctor Tells You What to do

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, my son seems inclined to have a weak chest. He has had a bad cough for several weeks now, and I'm so afraid it may develop into pneumonia. Is there anything I can do about it?

**DOCTOR:** According to a prominent American physician the surest way of preventing pneumonia is to eliminate the common cold and other respiratory infections.

This is because pneumonia rarely strikes out of a clear sky; usually it is preceded by a cold, influenza, or some other infection of the breathing passages. How, then, can one guard against the dangerous cold?

By keeping away from people who have colds and avoiding contact with crowds as much as possible.

By getting daily outdoor exercise and keeping in good physical condition. By getting adequate rest and keeping suitably clad. By avoiding over-heated rooms. By eating properly—not over-eating—and being sure of plenty of protective foods such as salad vegetables, fresh fruit and milk.

At the first sign of a cold, proper treatment should be started and kept up as long as the cold persists.

If the cold becomes severe, the safest course is to go to bed and stay there, even at the risk of offending your boss, who thinks you have little excuse for absence!

Better two days with a cold than two weeks or even two months with pneumonia or other equally serious complication.

Pneumonia strikes most frequently

during the winter months. So it is particularly important, during this period, for you to be on the lookout for pneumonia's most common warning symptoms, such as sudden chill—fever—pain in side—cough—thick, rust-colored sputum—hurried, somewhat labored breathing.

When any one or any combination of these symptoms is present, a doctor should be called at once.

For if the illness is pneumonia he will then, while there is still time, have the best opportunity to use successfully the effective weapons of modern science.

Only a few years ago the doctor was relatively helpless in the face of pneumonia.

Various drastic treatments such as blood letting and purging were used from time to time, but usually they played a waiting game saying, quite correctly, that the fate of the patient depended more on the nursing care than on the remedies used.

To-day, doctors have means of more certain diagnosis, including methods of determining more accurately the type of pneumonia.

Furthermore, there are highly effective serums and chemical agents to use separately or in combination in treating a particular case.

Injections of the right type of serum stimulate the patient's powers of resistance against the invading germ—or pneumococcus.

The chemical agents used, which include drugs of the invaluable sulphanilamide group, aim at destruction of the germ itself.

Other improvements in the care of pneumonia patients have taken place as a result of our increased knowledge.

Patients are given adequate amounts of nourishing food instead of being starved on "liquid diets" in an attempt to keep the fever down.

Salt losses from sweating or vomiting are made up. Appliances for the continuous and cheap use of oxygen are available.

These new developments have been responsible for an amazing reduction, during the past few years, in the death-rate from pneumonia. The time needed for recovery also has been reduced amazingly.

But—most important—your doctor must have the chance to use his skill against pneumonia early.



AT THE AGE OF TWO the Dionne Quintuplets began to feed themselves and to learn table etiquette. The Quins' physician, Dr. Dafoe, maintains that there is no routine in child training that responds so readily to consistent regulation as eating habits. Here Emilie sits up, uses one hand at a time, doesn't overload her spoon, and eats slowly, as all the Quins have learned to do.

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

### CREATIVE ABILITY IN CHILDREN

IT is most important that parents and all those handling very young children should be aware of the existence of a creative force that is inborn in every child.

This, however, is so indeterminate itself in its early stages that it may often pass by unnoticed, and valuable foundations upon which creative ability could be built may be lost forever.

Parents should, therefore, recognise the earliest appearance of this

natural impulse and be able to foster and give it every chance of full development.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4008WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

## Sleeveless pulllover

Continued from page 37

1st Row: Cast off 2, pattern to end.

2nd Row: Pattern to last 2 sts, p 2 tog.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

Next 5 Rows: Work in pattern, decreasing 1 st. at the neck edge in every row. Shape the shoulder as given for the first shoulder, commencing at the 15th row.

### BACK

Work this exactly as given for front until armhole shapings are completed and 88 sts. remain.

Now continue in the pattern without shaping until work measures 20 in. from lower edge, ending with a p row.

To Shape Neck and Shoulders: Next Row: Pattern 35, cast off 16, pattern to end. Work on last 35 sts. thus:

1st Row: Cast off 4, pattern to last 2 sts, p 2 tog.

2nd Row: Cast off 3, pattern to end.

Rep. these two rows three times. Cast off 3 sts.

Rejoin wool at needle point and work thus:

1st Row: Cast off 3, pattern to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 4, pattern to last 2 sts, k 2 tog.

Rep. these two rows three times. Cast off 3 sts.

### NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, using four No. 12 needles, commence at left shoulder and pick up and knit 146 sts. evenly round neck edge. Work in rounds of k 1, p 1 rib for 1 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

### SLEEVE BANDS

With right side of work facing, using 2 No. 12 needles, pick up and knit 150 sts. evenly along armhole edge. Work in rows of k 1, p 1 rib for 1 in. Cast off loosely in the rib. Work 2nd armhole in same way.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully on wrong side, using a warm iron over a damp cloth. Join side seams. Press all seams.



"Leaves sinks with a polish—and doesn't redden hands!"

**QUESTION:** Why is it Bon Ami cleanser so thoroughly and quickly—yet it is harmless to the hands?

**ANSWER:** Bon Ami does not depend on gritty substances or harsh caustics for its effectiveness. Although it removes dirt quickly and easily, you'll notice that it is white, fine and soft. Actually—Bon Ami leaves porcelain with a glistening polish—leaves hands smooth and unreddened!

## Bon Ami

the better cleanser  
for sinks



"hasn't scratched yet!"



# GEORGIAN HOME

● The quiet dignity and gracious charm of an English country house of the mid-18th century have been captured in this Australian home. Set in the picturesque Mount Lofty Ranges it is surrounded by 150 acres of stud property.



THE HALLWAY, where rich Oriental rugs set off green carpeting and 18th century aquatints of Oxford add interest to the stairway.



EXTERIOR of Arbury Park, the lovely Georgian home of Mr. A. R. Downer, at Bridgewater, South Australia. The terraced garden leads down to the pool where a fountain plays.



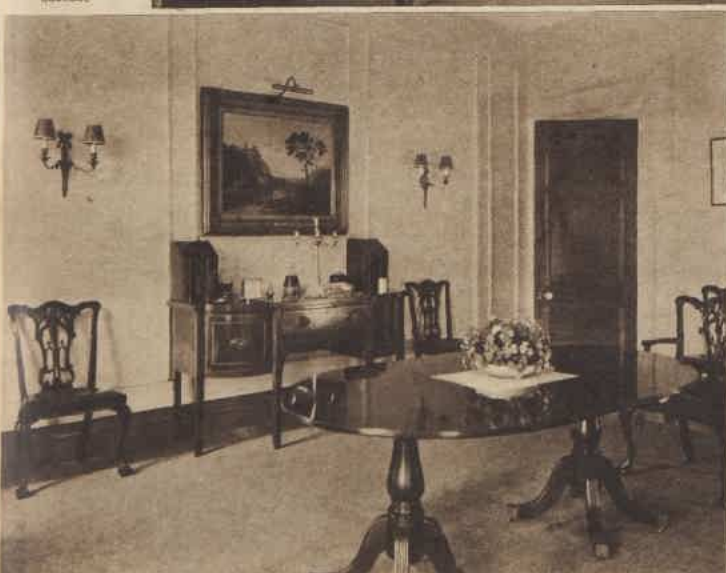
ABOVE. Library, furnished in Georgian style. Curtains and carpet are in crushed strawberry tone. Over the Adam chimney-piece is a portrait of Mr. Downer's mother, Mrs. D'Arcy Addison, painted by Richard Jack, R.A.



THIS interesting view of the house from the west side shows the paved courtyard with sundial in centre. The brass ship's bell at right of porch is rung to summon members of the household back to the house. It can be heard all over the property.



RIGHT. The sitting-room has old-rose wall-to-wall carpeting and French damask curtains. The easy chairs, which are covered with flower-patterned linen, are in harmony with the 18th century occasional chairs and George I settee.



THE dining-room, which is characteristic of the 18th century with large wall panels and Chippendale and Sheraton furniture. All-over carpeting is green, and walls are palest egg-shell green.

By  
Our Home  
Decorator

Jack's the boy who never would eat his breakfast — till Snap, Crackle and Pop put his Mummy wise to Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

"Jiminy, I like this breakfast," chirrups Jackie, half way through his second helping of Kellogg's delicious oven-popped rice. "Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Snap! Crackle and Pop when I pour on the milk." And Jackie looks twice the boy since he's been having Kellogg's Rice Bubbles for breakfast every morning. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are just bursting with energising, easily digested nourishment that every growing child should have. And kiddies can't resist the cheery little Snap, Crackle and Pop that Rice Bubbles make when you pour on the milk. Order some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day—and end breakfast-time tantrums!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.





"YES!" says Mummy, "it is". She is very proud of her bedroom, now that she has bought her new Vantona 'Court' series Bedcover, and realises anew how important is the covering for a bed in a bedroom.

Vantona 'Court' series Bedcovers lead bedroom fashion. There are many beautiful designs to choose from, they are safe to wash and stubborn in wear. They drape well, add charm to your room, and at varying prices are exceptionally good value.

Send for free booklet showing latest VANTONA 'Court' series Bedcover

designs to Messrs. Coolahan and Lawler, Grand Central House, 141 Clarence Street, Sydney, also at Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne. Messrs. G. E. Heald & Co., 18 Howard Street, Perth, W.A.

These are a few of the fashion leading stores which stock and display VANTONA Court Series Bedcovers: SYDNEY: Grace Bros., Anthony Hordern, David Jones, Sydney Snow, Beard Watson, and Farmers.

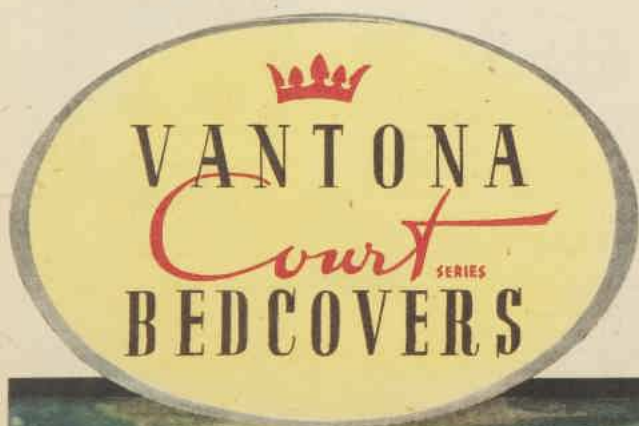
MELBOURNE: Ball and Welch, The Myer Emporium, Buckley & Nunn, Foy & Gibson, and Payne's Bon Marche.

ADELAIDE: Foy & Gibson, John Martin's, The Myer Emporium.

BRISBANE: Allan & Stark, T. C. Bearn, McWhirters, Finney Isles.

PERTH: Ahern's, Foy & Gibson, Bon Marche.

Other VANTONA specialities include VANTONA Blansheets, VANTONA Woven Bedspreads, VANTONA Towels, VANTONA Waffle Bath Mats and Pram Rugs, and many other household textiles. Always look for the VANTONA name tab.



Buy extra Bedcovers and have curtains to match.



The down quilt is now worn under the Bedcover.

Issued by Vantona Textiles Limited, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND